

- contents -

My Cup Runneth Over	Ъу	Alinda Alain	р	3
				-
Deja Vu	Ъу	Linda Spencer	Þ	10
My Friend	bу	Bettina Rackel	P	21
Ragemme	bу	linda C. Wood	P	22
Honesty is the Best Policy?	ъу	Barbara Wright	P	26
The Daleton Debate	bу	Joyce Devlin	P	27
Bright Vision	ъу	Vicki Richards	P	30
This Thing Called Friendship	by	Vicki Richards	P	31
Phoenix	bу	Lorraine Goodison	P	41
Never Tell a Lie	ъу	Janice Pitkethley	P	43
First Day at School	bу	Janice Pitkethley	P	46
That Elusive Emotion	ъу	Karen Hayden	P	50
Dragon/Sirius/Dreams	ру	Lorraine Goodison	P	51

Illustrations Cover: Sandy Sapatka

A.H. : P42

Adrienne Brown: P 2

A ScoTpress Publication.

Editors - Sheila Clark, Valerie Piacentini
Typing - Valerie Piacentini
Proofreading - Sheila Clark
Printing - Janet Quarton & James T.
Collating - Sheila's Chain Gang - Frances Abernethy, Cory King, Hilde McCabe
Allison Rooney

Distracting - Shona Stencil Chewing - Shah

Enterprise - Log Entries 58 is available from

Sheila Clark
6 Craigmill Cottages
Strathmartine
By Dundee
Scotland

(C) ScoTpress. All rights are reserved to the writers and artists. Anyone wishing to reprint any of the material herein is asked to obtain permission in writing first. It is understood that this applies only to original material herein, and that no attempt is made to supersede any right held by Paramount, NEC, EEC, or any other holders of copyright in STAR TREE material.

October, 1983.

Hello, and welcome to Enterprise - Log Entries 58.

There doesn't seem to be very much to say this time round - putting out two issues at the same time means that anything important is said in one editorial, leaving very little for the other.

There is just one addition to what we said in E-LE 57. Janet and Sheila will be at Midcon; I will try to be there for part of the time, but family committments might make this impossible - I'll only be a few miles from Jeicester, but my cousin has chosen the middle of that Saturday afternoon to get married, and I don't know when, or even if, I'll be able to slip away. I hope you all enjoy the con, though, and I'll be there if I can.

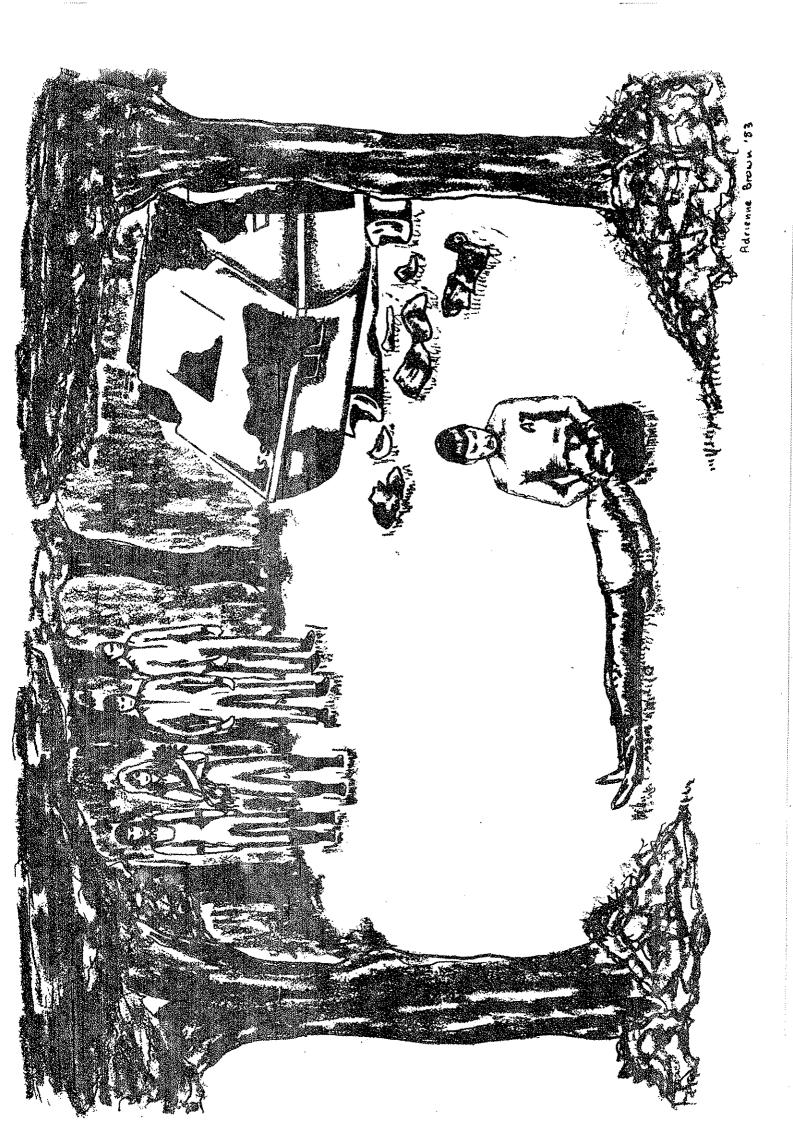
Peace,

Submissions to Scoffpress zines are always welcome, and can be sent to

Sheila Clark
6 Craigmill Cottages
Strathmartine
by Dundee
Scotland

Valerie Piacentini 20 Ardrossan Road Saltcoats Ayrshire Scotland

Malene





. MY CUP RUNNETH OVER

by.

Alinda Alain

The Vulcan withdrew his head and body from beneath the navigation/helm panel. Sitting up, his dark head lifted to the Human who sat at the console, fighting desperately to manoeuvre the specially-built scout craft.

"The circuitry will function for an estimated 32.5 minutes, Captain," Spock reported, "no more."

James Kirk nodded, his hands moving over the console. "Then that will have to be enough," the Captain said grimly. "Any place to land?"

Spock got to his feet and bent over the sensors. After a moment he straightened slowly, turned, and seated himself beside Kirk.

"Well?" the Human asked, glancing at his First Officer from the corner of his eye.

There was a sudden tenseness in the Vulcan's lean frame, his features a tight mask of studied control.

"Omicron Ceti Three," Spock answered quietly.

"What?"

"Omicron Ceti Three," the Vulcan repeated.

For an instant Kirk felt a tightening in the pit of his stomach. The scout craft lurched, jarring him back to the task at hand.

"That, too, will have to do, Commander," he told the Vulcan.

"Yes, Captain," Spock answered, reaching to assist in the manoeuvering.

* * *

The scout craft, a well-built, sturdy ship, endured the crash landing well. With the right tools it would be relatively easy to repair, the Vulcan noted in his customary detached manner. But all too quickly, his attention was drawn to an observation from which he found it impossible to be detached.

His Captain was dying.

Pain-filled hazel eyes opened to gaze up at him. "Don't look so sad," the Human whispered.

Quickly, Spock's hands went to the broad shoulders. "Please, Captain. Rest. Be still. Do not talk."

Kirk nodded agreement and they sat in silence for a few minutes. Then the Human's hand closed over the Vulcan's.

"You won't have any difficulty repairing the ship in time," Kirk said. "The Sandoval colony left a lot of their tools and equipment."

"Yes, Captain," the Vulcan murmured soothingly.

"You must get away from here. Remember, you can't remain more than a week... the Berthold rays..."

"I am aware of those things, Jim. Please don't try to speak. You are exhausting yourself," Spock implored urgently.

Hazel eyes sought the dark. "Spock," the Human said softly, "You will be all right, won't you? You'll get away from here before it's too late? Promise me."

A shiver seemed to go through the Vulcan's body.

"Spock, promise me!" Kirk insisted, his grip tightening on the Vulcan's hand. "Promise me!"

"Yes, Captain," the Vulcan answered finally.

The Human sighed, smiled fleetingly, and closed his eyes, relaxing into oblivion.

於 於 於

Leila Kalomi, accompanied by Isis, Bradley and Foster, approached the area where sight and hearing had pinpointed the location of the crash.

"I wonder what it could be?" Isis - dark, pretty, and Egyptian-looking - wondered.

"A ship, what else?" answered Bradley.

"Yes, but whose ship?" Foster questioned.

"Who ever it is will be no threat to us," Leila assured them. In her arms she carried the pink flowers that bore the spores.

The others nodded, and followed her eagerly, curiously. All in all, they were looking forward to having new additions to their colony of ten. In spite of the extreme sense of peace and belonging, one did feel the need for a new face, a new experience, occasionally.

Leila, upon entering the glade, came to an abrupt halt. Isis bumped into her.

"Leila? What is it? What...?" The woman broke off as her eyes locked in the direction of Leila's gaze.

"Spock!" Leila whsipered in stunned disbelief. "Spock."

The Vulcan's dark head lifted at the sound of her voice, and turned in their direction. She saw his expression of numbed desolation change to one of surprised startlement.

"Spock!" she exclaimed, running forward.

He rose to his feet. "Leila," he said.

She all but threw herself into his arms. "Oh Spock, is it possible? Is it true? Are you really here?"

He firmly but gently freed himself from her embrace. "My Captain." He drew her attention to where Kirk lay. The Human's complexion was extremely pale, his life force all but gone.

They knelt beside Kirk. "He was injured in the crash. His safety harness broke," Spock explained, suppressing a shudder at the memory of the impact, and of Kirk's body being thrown about like a rag doll. "There are serious internal injuries, internal bleeding."

Leila looked at him, momentarily stunned by what she saw, for there was no denying the grief and helplessness in his manner. Then the spores that made survival on this planet possible spoke to her.

"We can save him, Spock," she told the Vulcan suddenly.

He looked at her questioningly. She held out the flowers.

Instinctively he recoiled from them; then reason and hope stirred in his mind. "The spores," he whispered, taking the flowers from her and turning to his Captain.

* * *

Kirk returned to consciousness slowly, feeling stiff and sore, but being drawn by the murmuring sounds of a familiar voice.

"You chose to return to Omicron Ceti III, knowing the effects the spores have on your creativity and productivity," Spock was saying.

"Yes," a woman's voice answered. There was a familiar, reserved sadness in

the tone. "Each of us, of his or her own free will, chose to return here and make our homes."

"Starfleet has you all listed missing, believed dead."

"It was planned that way. We feared the authorities would prevent us from returning. More than likely they would have had us all institutionalised."

"Indeed," Spock's voice agreed.

"You will stay this time, Spock, won't you?" the woman's voice pleaded softly.

"No, Leila, I cannot."

"But why? What have you out there among the stars, in the cold vacuum of space?"

"Responsibility. Duty. A life."

"But no love," the woman reminded him gently.

There was another silence.

"I ... I am not unhappy, Leila," Spock's quiet voice admitted.

"You... have found someone?"

"Yes," came the reply, very soft and very firm.

* * *

Leila met with the other nine members of her colony, having left Spock at his Captain's bedside.

"When will the Vulcan join us?" Isis asked.

"Mr. Spock does not plan to join us," Leila told them.

"Why should he have a choice?" Foster questioned.

Leila's eyes held a distant sadness. "We agreed that this colony would be one of free will," she reminded them.

"And so it is. But you forget - to let him leave will endanger this colony, our way of life, our chosen lifestyle. He will report us. The authorities will order us removed."

Leila considered. "Yes. There is that danger."

"Foster is right," Bradley said. "It cannot be permitted. The Vulcan must stay. He must join us."

Isis rose and moved to put an arm about Leila's shoulders. "They are right, Leila. Mr. Spock must become one of us. It is, after all, what you want," she whispered gently.

* * *

Kirk ate the last of the soup and handed the bowl back to Spock. "Thank you." He smiled at the Vulcan.

Spock took the bowl and rose from where he sat at his Captain's side. "I will take it to the kitchen to be cleansed. When I return we will discuss plans to repair the scout craft."

"Why?" Kirk asked mildly.

The Vulcan stopped and studied his Captain carefully. Kirk's health was almost completely restored. The hazel eyes were bright with life and warmth, and the well-muscled athletic body radiated returning vitality.

"The spores. I had forgotten their side effects," Spock said. "You have no desire to leave because of their influence. When I am sure that you have recovered enough, I will help you overcome their control."

He turned to go, but stopped at the sight of Leila and the other blocking the doorway.

"I'm sorry, Spock," Leila said gently, "but it is for the best." She held up the flowers. and the spores filled the air.

* * *

For two weeks the colony continued its idyllic existence. The two latest additions blended in smoothly with the group. And once again Leila knew the joy of having Spock with her.

"There is a lovely little valley just beyond those hills," Leila told him one evening as they cuddled in each others arms watching the sunset. "A perfect place to build a home - for the two of us."

"Uh-huh," the Vulcan murmured, nuzzling her ear.

Leila laughed and turned to kiss him. They would discuss it later, perhaps. Or tomorrow. Or next week. There was really no need for haste of any kind.

The couple were unaware of the broad-shouldered figure who stood just within the foliage, watching them. His smile of pleased contentment had faded somewhat at Leila's words. Silently he withdrew, and continued his stroll.

Life was peaceful and good. Nothing could be bad or wrong in anything that brought laughter and contentment to them all - especially to his friend and brother Spock. The Vulcan's dark eyes sparkled with humour, and his deep-throated laughter was music to hear.

Yet...

Something was not quite right...

Kirk's face lifted, and his eyes settled upon the darkening sky and the distant twinkling of lights. A sharp intake of breath was drawn from him as the night unfolded before his eyes.

The stars... Beautiful. Compelling. To move among them. Exploring. Learning. To meet new people, see new life forms. Adventure - on s silver ship... a silver lady...

Kirk frowned, a sudden uneasiness stirring in his peaceful musing. Again he looked at the stars. The twinkling lights were calling to him. The heavens beckoned with a promise of a silver ship and adventure.

The Human blinked, tears springing to his eyes. Gone was the influence of the spores. He was Captain James T. Kirk. Setting his broad shoulders he turned purposefully in the direction of the glade where the scout craft lay. He had only gone a few steps before realisation dawned.

He did not belong any more. And he was alone ...

Spock.

Quickly, he turned and began to run to where he had last seen the Vulcan - and Leila. Again he stopped. Memories flooded in upon him, a memory of long ago, when they had first discovered Omicron Ceti III and the spores.

"For the first time in my life I was happy."

"There's love and belonging, Jim."

And the memories of the past weeks...

Spock's laughter.

Spock's humour.

Spock and Leila. Did he have the right to take that again?

* * *

They strolled together, side by side, back towards the settlement. It was

a beautiful night, and all was peaceful and well.

"I'm happy." Leila shook her silver-gold hair about her shoulders. "At long last, I am truly happy."

"Of course." Spock looked at her. "You state the obvious. It is the nature of the spores."

"No. The happiness I speak of does not come from the spores. True, they made it possible, but that is all." She smiled up at him.

"Humans and your fine distinctions of emotion," he chuckled good-naturedly.

"No, Spock. I love you. I love you."

His arms encircled her. "Yes. And I you," he whispered against her hair.

"About the valley, and our home..."

"Later, perhaps," Spock told her. "I do not care to move away from the others just yet, Leila. Besides, Jim is here."

Leila felt herself stiffen slightly.

"Of course, when Jim decides between Isis, Marion and Andre, the four of us can plan together to build homes in the valley."

"Together?" she questioned.

"Yes," he smiled squeezing her close to him. "You and I, and Jim and whoever he chooses. The four of us. That is, until the children come."

"Children," Leila repeated.

"Uh-huh. Our children and Jim's. You know, for the first time I realise that I'm actually looking forward to children. My own and Jim's. To see them, watch them grow together. Together from childhood to adulthood. No aloneness of alientation for them. Not with Jim and me to show them what friendship is all about..." He trailed off, looked down at her, and planted a kiss upon her forehead. "Let's go find Jim - and the others," he said suddenly, eagerly. "We'll tell them to hurry up and make a decision. Then we'll go look at that valley. Maybe, tomorrow."

Leila smiled, taking both his hands. "Yes. Oh yes. Let's..."

It was well into the night. The eleven sat in the large living room, all except the Vulcan, who paced restlessly.

"Spock..." Leila began.

"Jim should have returned hours ago," he stated firmly. "Something is wrong - I know it."

"Spock, prease. There is no cause to worry," Leila implored with growing uneasiness. "No harm could befall him here. There is nothing to hurt him. He's perfectly safe. Jim has probably found something to interest him and lost track of time. And why not? We have all the time in the universe here."

The Vulcan nodded curtly. "I know. Nevertheless, I do not like not kn-wing where he is for so long. He is still recovering from the severe injuries of the crash."

"There's nothing to worry about." Isis spoke up reassuringly. "The spores guarantee complete health. Jim is in perfect health."

Spock looked at each of the ten totally unconcerned, unworried faces about him. No, not ten; Leila's beautiful face had assumed the lines of worry... but not for Jim...

In fact, none of them were concerned about Jim. None of them knew how easily his Captain could - and did - find trouble, danger... death. The spores naturally negated such concerns from their hosts' minds.

Spock stopped, shocked. His eyes met Leila's. Already tears were beginning to come to those lovely blue depths.

"Spock? Leila? What is it?" Isis asked suddenly, sensing something amiss. The others, too, were taking notice.

"Mr. Spock is no longer one of us," Leila announced quietly. "And neither am I."

The others scrambled to their feat. "I'll go get the flowers," Foster said.

"No," Spock said in a quiet voice. He turned and walked towards the door.

Leila got to her feet. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"To find my Captain," Spock said, opening the door.

会 英 会

Kirk let out an exclamation of pain, cradling his burned fingers. The repairs to the scout craft were becoming increasingly difficult. He wasn't even sure if he was doing everything right. Where was Spock when you needed him? The teasing query brought a stab of pain.

With a determined sigh he concentrated on rewiring the jumble of circuits lying before him. He was totally unaware of the poisonous gas leaking steadily and silently out of a ruptured line. And even if he had, it would have been too late. Unknown to his oxygen starved mind, his reflexes and coordination were already severely affected.

Several more seconds slipped by before he decided that he needed a break from the tedious work. Putting down the tools he lay back, then turned over onto his side, curling up on the floor among the circuitry.

"Jim!" Spock gasped in horror as the door to the scout craft slil aside. Summing up the situation instantly, and knowing beyond doubt that Kirk was inside, the Vulcan took a deep breath of clean night air and plunged into the ship.

Moments later he emerged, cradling the Human in his arms. When he was far enough away he dropped to his knees and lowered his precious burden to the ground. After a quick examination he began mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

* * *

Kirk coughed and opened his eyes. He frowned in puzzlement as the trees and open blue sky came into focus about him. Turning his head slightly, he found Leila sitting beside him.

"Good morning, Caotain. Are you feeling better?" she asked politely upon noticing that he was awake.

"Yes, thank you." He tried to sit up, to look. "What happened?"

"You leave much to be desired as a repair technician," she answered. "Or so your First Officer says."

"Spock?" Kirk looked towards the ship.

The Vulcan stood in the doorway, business-like and impassive - until his serious dark eyes looked in their direction. Instantly the dark eyes brightened, and the impassive features relaxed. With easy grace Spock descended the steps and came to them.

"Captain. Are you all right now?" he asked, dropping to his knees beside Kirk.

"Yes, I'm fine."

For a moment the three of them sat in silence. Spock's eyes never left Kirk's face, and Leila's never left Spock's. Kirk looked from one to the other.

"You did not come back last night," Spock said, "so I came in search of you - and found you unconscious within the ship. Poisonous kas..."

"Oh," Kirk murmured. "Is that why I have a hangover to end all hangovers?" He rubbed his temples, and found Spock's hands covering his. Their eyes met.

"You could have died, and I would not have known," the Vulcan said very quietly, "because my mind was filled with the false peace and unconcern of the spores."

"I..." Kirk began, feeling the reed to explain, but he broke off, to finish with a simple, "I'm sorry."

He looked at Leila. "I'm sorry," he said again. "I don't seem to be able to live in paradise just yet."

She nodded and got to her feet. Spock looked up at her and slowly rose to his. They stood facing each other, with Kirk in between them, at their feet.

"You don't have to say anything," she told the Vulcan. "I know your decision."

She saw sadness and regret in his eyes. Gently, he reached out and caressed her cheek.

"I, too, am sorry," he said simply, and let his hand fall to his side.

"No!" Kirk said suddenly. They looked down at him. "Spock, you don't have to leave. Not if you want to stay. When the ship's repaired I can fly her alone."

Leila's and Spock's eyes met again. Then the Vulcan knelt again at his Captain's side.

"Spock." Kirk looked into the dark eyes.

"I, too, am unable to live in paradise - just yet," he told the Human quietly.

Kirk drew in his breath sharply, the joy that welled up inside him beyond his ability to hide. He placed his hand on Spock's shoulder.

"How long before repairs are completed, Commander?" he asked in a formal tone, though his hazel eyes were warm with affection.

As the Vulcan answered down to the last fraction of a second, Leila turned and walked away. The rest of the group awaited her just within the trees.

"Are we safe?" Foster asked.

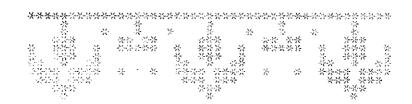
Leila nodded.

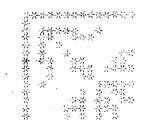
Isis moved to put a comforting arm about her waist. "How sad," she said sympathetically. "I know you want him to be here with you so much."

"I don't understand," Pradley protested. "All we have to do is use the flowers."

"No," Leila said firmly. "No. It would be useless. The Captain will not stay. He would always throw off the spores' effects sooner or later. And Spock..." Her voice seemed to falter. "...And Spock will have no part of paradise without his Captain."

She turned and walked away, the others quietly following.





DEJA VU

bу

Linda Spencer



Kirk regained consciousness to brilliant sunlight, a kaleidoscope of flashing lights, an awareness of interme yet strangely muted activity and sudden excruciating pain.

"He's coming to!" A bearded face atop a crisp white coat swam into his view; the whiteness lanced into his eyes, and he closed them quickly, reopening them cautiously a moment later to stare up into eyes that were as blue as McCoy's, but cold and clinically impersonal.

He blinked up into the face, confused. An accident? How...? Then another thought sliced through his brain with knife-edged clarity.

Spock!

"Spock!" he muttered, attempting to struggle up to a sitting position despite the agony in his head and chest. "Where's Spock?"

"The alien!" a disembodied voice shouted in triumph. "He must mean the alien."

"My God... he's speaking English!" cried another.

"Spock?" Kirk seized the white-coated arm, the expressive eyes pleading for response.

The hard-planed face softened slightly. "I'm... very sorry. We could obtain no response... We tried... but you must understand, we had no information. I'm so sorry - he's dead."

Kirk stared, his grip tightening reflexively. "No..." He thought frantically. No response? The healing trance, perhaps? He looked up again with desperate hope.

"Where is he? Please... I could perhaps... obtain a response. Please take me to him... there may still be time."

While Kirk had been speaking all activity had ceased as the faceless crowd listened intently. Suddenly, however, the controlled excitement erupted once more.

"Get him over there. Maybe he's got a way. We gotta try keep that alien! Move it!"

Kirk was lifted - none too gently in the sudden fervour - and carried across to a large white vehicle. His thoughts were in a turmoil, and he realised that he and Spock had to get out of here. Something was badly "rong... He could not give the matter too much thought, however; he realised that he was in shock, and furthermore nothing else could reach him until he knew if Spock...

No! He was alive - he had to be. Kirk was not a particularly religious man, but he had faith that at least this one constant prayer would not be rejected. When it happened it would happen to them both. He believed that. He had to believe it.

Inside the vehicle, to his great relief, Kirk saw that Spock had been laid upon a couch, bound up in an archaic tangle of electrodes and wires.

"Help me," whispered Kirk, very weak by now. "Put me beside him... Now put his hands to my forehead, and put mine to his... That's it... All right, keep back - don't interfere."

His instructions were obeyed with feverish haste, then the strangers drew back to watch in silence as Kirk concentrated.

//Spock.//

```
11
    //....//: :
    //Please, Spock - answer me.//
  #"//:....//
    Mothing. No response. Blackness. Blacker than blackness. Kirk's anguish
showed on his face. One of the medics made to move forward, but was restrained
by his chief.
     "Give him time."
    Kirk's jaw tightened. If Spock was dead, he intended to follow him.
Vulcan's skin was not cold yet... there had to be a flicker somewhere, a light
to guide him so that at least he could share this blackness with him. The
decision seemed natural, and Kirk knew that it had been taken deep within himself
long ago; and now, without hesitation, he reached down into emptiness.
     //Spock.//
     //....//
     //Spock!//
     Something stirred at last.
     //There! Spock, answer me!//
     //Jim...//
     The thought was vanishingly faint, but sufficient for Kirk; he seized the
shadowy response.
     //Spock.//
     //Jim? Jim://
     //Spock. Relief. Overwhelming.//
     //Too deep. Withdraw. Dying.//
     //Never leave you.//
     //No: Live! Live!//
     //You live://
     //Tired... Can't, so tired. Hurt.//
     //Never leave you.//
     //Love.//
     //Need. Great need. Great love.//
     //Jim.//
     //Spock, live!//
     //Live...//
     "He's responding. My God, the alien's alive! We've got him back. We got
us a live alien!"
     "Get Ferguson - now!"
     "No! Don't touch him! Don't break that contact. It's some kind of ...
telepathy, I think."
     "Keep an eye on the Human one - he's weakening. Looks like we may need him
to keep the alien alive. Where the hell is Ferguson?"
```

"Readings are stabilizing. Looks like they're both gonna make it."
"Look... put me through to Hynen now!"

"Yes, sir, Mr. President... It's just been confirmed. They're both alive."
"That's right, Allen. Two of them. One Human... yeah, definitely - he's

Human all right. And the other... wow, you gotta see this!"

"Who the hell is this? How did he get here? Witness to the accident? Well, what the hell is he doing wandering around like a tourist? Get him under guard!"

"Clear this channel, dammit! McCluskey, what the hell is your security up to?"

Gradually withdrawing to a tenuous contact as he felt Spock's strength returning, and knowing he must conserve his own, Kirk was able to register vaguely the disjointed conversation going on around him. He attempted to recollect the events which had brought them to this. The Enterprise had been ordered to the planet of the Guardian to collect a team of Federation scientists and their families who had been studying the temporal phemomenon. It was not an assignment Kirk had anticipated with much pleasure. The planet had disagreeable memories for him.

Naturally, Spock had been at his side when the orders came through - silent, supportive, understanding. It had been Spock, indeed, who had helped him to the realisation that even had Edith lived, had Miramanee lived, there could have been no future for them. That thought at least no longer taunted him. Kirk's place was, always had been, always would be, here on his ship with Spock at his side.

Edith had seen that, even then. The memories of the manner of her death were still bitter, however, and Kirk had needed and welcomed the warm presence that had entered his mind as he viewed the approaching planet.

They had been unable to establish contact with the small colony, and consequently an anxious Kirk had beamed down with Spock, McCoy and a Security team. Awaiting them was a scene of such carnage that Kirk had to restrain the urge to be physically sick. Whole families... a massacre of a kind that had not been seen in the galaxy since... since Kodos; and among the injured - Klingons.

McCoy had had emergency equipment beamed down from the ship, the few survivors being too critically injured to withstand the shock of transportation. One of the fewable to talk, a Klingon, had gasped out the details to Kirk, shaking with restrained fury and horror. The attack had been ordered and led by the renegade Kavar.

Kavar - a genetic experiment gone very wrong. Intended to be the first of an even more aggressive, physically stronger and more intelligent race, Kavar had appeared to be a completely successful experiment. He was indeed strong, and possessed a more subtle intelligence than was normally expected in a Klingon, a lack due more to upbringing than to a lack of genetic quality. However, the hyper-aggression induced to complete the Klingon view of the ideal warrior had emerged as homicidal mania. Subjected to experiment, observation and discussion from his clinical birth throughout his career, Kavar's resentment had matured quickly into hatred of all other 'normal' life forms - for it was always made abundantly clear to him that he was not normal.

Kavar felt loyalty to no race, no cause but his own, and the Klingon had bided his time until he could claim his revenge upon the rest of the universe for his birth. Sufficiently cunning to disguise his true nature from the usually less than perceptive Klingons, he had appeared the perfect warrior, a triumphant justification of the experiments which even Klingons had condemned. At last they had given him his weapon - his own command. With commendable patience he gradually gathered about him a crew of silent renegades who had their own reasons for wishing to leave the Klingon system, and had then begun his private war against the Klingon Empire.

For a while he had seemed like the Federation's best weapon, but following a desperate encounter on the outskirts of Klingon space, he had fled into Federation territory, where he had continued his motiveless sweep of violence. The Enterprise herself had been under general orders to search for and apprehend the Klingon pirate.

Kavar had apparently realised that sooner or later he would be caught. He would be safe nowhere in the galaxy. Having discovered the existence and location of the planet of the Guardian, and realising that an escape into time was his only hope, his only escape, Kavar had led an attack on the Federation outpost, the suddenness and viciousness of his onslaught preventing any organised resistance, or even communication to Starfleet Command. Following his merciless destruction of the base Kavar had annihilated his own followers before leaping through the time portal.

The Klingon warrior had fastened vice-like fingers about Kirk's wrist. "He... betrayed us... I hope you kill him! And when you do... spit upon his cursed body!" The intensity of hatred in the Klingon's eyes froze, a permanent epitaph to his race in the dead eyes.

Rising, Kirk had looked across at Spock. A homicidal Klingon on the loose through any time period in the galaxy posed a threat to the present security of everybody, Federation, Klingon, Romulan alike. They had to locate Kavar in time and follow him, bring him back before he altered history irreversibly.

McCoy, forced to remain behind to do what little he could for the rapidly diminishing nimber of survivors, had looked across at them as they prepared to leave.

"Jim... Spock..." The blue eyes regarded each in turn. "Take... take care of each other... and please... come back."

A moment of silent communication, and they were gone. McCoy bit his lip until it bled as he returned his attention to the hopeless task that awaited him.

California.

Terran Time Line C.A.D. 1954+

Kavar moved silently through the trees towards the light. Edging cautiously into the clearing, his sharp hearing detected the slow growl of an alerted animal. Swiftly he removed the disruptor and continued soundlessly, stopping, listening intently, his senses straining, alert, the forest shadows resolving into dark relief, each sound analysed. He moved on, padding along on leaves still fragrantly moist following the previous night's storm, an unusually violent outburst for California.

An excited whining assailed his ears, followed by a raucous barking. An intense beam of energy eradicated the problem. A cone of light suddenly illuminated the porch of the isolated cabin, and the figure of a man emerged.

"Paladin! What is it, boy? Paladin?" Receiving no response, the figure outlined sharply against the brightness tensed perceptibly.

Kavar assessed the situation. His instincts, as always, prompted the Human's immediate disposal... but his intelligence reminded him that he was alone here, on a strange world, in a strange time. He knew little enough of the Humans of his own time - much less of the Humans of a Terra he had established to be midway in its twentieth century time line. The Human was apparently alone... he was no immediate threat, and he could prove more useful alive.

"Do not move. Human." Kavar stepped into the light.

The Human stared aghast, taking in the alien appearance.

"I repeat... do not move."

Kavar approached and mounted the porch to face the unmoving figure. They stared at each other for a moment.

"I regret your beast leaped at me... I was forced to defend myself."

The words did not seem to penetrate for a moment, then, "Paladin? He's dead? Poor Jack... he loved that dog..." The Human shook his head as if to clear it. "Just give me a minute... I... I'm trying to come to terms with this."

There was a pause, then the Human said accusingly, "This is a joke, isn't it? It's Jack's idea of a joke." He peered closer at Kavar and continued almost immediately, "No... no, I've never seen make-up that good." Another pause. "My God... you are, aren't you? You damn well are! You're an alien!"

"I am a Klingon."

"Klingon? Where are you... I mean, what's your name? How come you speak...? But sure - you'll have been watching us, won't you? Wow, I can't believe this!"

Kavar looked at him, puzzled. "I was told that Humans were strange. I have not encountered many... but indeed, you are strange. To accept so... easily."

"Different, that's all," the man grinned. "Thank goodness. If I weren't
... different - if you weren't... well, I wouldn't be feeling like a kid at
Christmastime right now, that's for sure. You know, I've been waiting for you?"

The reply was another quizzical expression.

"You seem puzzled. Why? Surely you knew of us... observing us, and so on."
"Observing you?"

"Yeah... You must have been aware that your ships have been seen. UFO's, and all that. Yes, it's an awful term, isn't it?"

Kavar eyed the Human thoughtfully. It was to his fortune that this man possessed little of the xenophobia inherent in most societies prior to the independent development of interstellar flight. There was obviously much to be learned from this Human, and a willing ally was of more use and less of a liability in a strange, probably hostile world than an unwilling captive. He assumed a weary expression, swaying slightly.

The Human's face tightened in concern, and he helped the alien inside, lowering him gently into a chair by the fire.

"Forgive me," Kavar said weakly. "Your words mean nothing. To us, your Earth is a closed world... no contact would be permitted. I am here now because... I... I am a fugitive."

"Fugitive?" The Human sat back on his haunches: "From whom? What?"

"My... my ship was utterly destroyed in a Federation attack. I was... separated from my ship... I had taken the shuttle..."

"Shuttle? Ah... a ... a smaller ship?"

"Correct. I was to collect some of our scientists engaged in peaceful research... They were massacred by the Federation." Kavar lowered his head, ostensibly overcome. "I barely... escaped with my life," he ended on a whisper.

"Hmm," the Human sighed. "So... war still goes on... out there."

"War goes on forever." Kavar delivered the statement with flat conviction, and his voice was threaded with a triumph which brought the Human's head up sharply.

Kavar observed the movement. "Or so it seems," he added carefully.

Monetheless, a somewhat more closed expression had come over the expressive Human face. The increased tension did not escape the Klingon. He opted for a safer approach.

"I am called Kavar. What is your name, Human?"

"Roddenberry. My name is Gene Roddenberry."

* * *

"Jim..." Spock described a small circle, re-checking the tricorder readings, "I have registered a Klingon life form approximately two kilometres in that direction." He indicated with his long-fingered hand.

Kirk nodded. ""Good. Let's move."

"Jim ... I also have a Human life reading in close proximity."

"Damn!" Kirk said softly. "Then it would appear that contact has already been made." He sighed and rubbed thoughtfully at his chin. "Well, at least whoever it is is still alive."

"Indeed. I suggest therefore that we quicken our pace to ensure this state of affairs persists."

Kirk grinned through the darkness. "Spock... you took the words right out of my mouth."

* * *

"What are you going to do?" Roddenberry demanded.

"Do?"

"Well... you don't exactly blend in with the background, do you? And Humans are still... suspicious of those who are... different, even within our own species." Roddenberry grimaced slightly. "And... I couldn't hide you here for ever."

Kavar nodded. The Human had made a valid point. "True... added to which, I have no wish to hide for ever; it is not the Klingon way."

"What is the Klingon way?"

"Peace," replied Favar with unblushing piety. "Unfortunately, it is not the way of our enemies, the Federation."

Roddenberry, his face half hidded from the alien, stirred the dying fire with his foot and tried to suppress the sudden upsurge of suspicion which set his intuitive senses tingling. He bit his lip reflectively. He desperately wanted to believe Kavar, but that... almost fanatical gleam in his eye when he had mentioned war, followed by that false look of piety, indicated that he should proceed cautiously. If Kavar had been openly aggressive, Roddenberry would have been more inclined to trust the Klingon. He sighed inwardly - was it that despite all his high-sounding ideals he was as unwilling to trust the different one as the rest of humanity? What made him think that he was different anyway, he thought wryly.

Still, his instincts had never let him down before. Play for time, the Human decided; give yourself a chance to observe, to think - and don't judge by Human standards.

"I ... uh ... I guess you must be feeling hungry, right?"

The Elingon looked at Roddenberry, somewhat startled by the abrupt question.

"Yes... I have not eaten for... quite a long time." A glint of cold humour flickered in the dark eyes. "Do you have some steak?"

Roddenberry blinked. "Wh... yes."

"I have sampled this," explained Kavar. "I know that it is not poisonous to me, as are some Terran foods."

"How... where did you get hold of steak, of all things?"

Kavar's eyes flickered away. "I... I was travelling for some time before..." He stopped, assuming a very creditable expression of shame. "I... regret that I had to play the thief for food."

"I... see." Roddenberry felt that he was pushing, but asked one further question. "Another thing... you said that Farth was a... closed world?"

Kavar inclined his head, a wary look in his eyes.

"Then how did you learn our language?"

Kavar's face lightened. "Ah... You see, Roddenberry, although Earth is a closed world, a ruling respected by my people at least, your primitive broadcasts are studied so that when contact is made, our... differences will not be further underlined by lack of verbal communication... and your Earth language was quite a favourite study of mine."

Roddenberry appeared to accept the explanation, although as he left to prepare a hasty meal he was somewhat disturbed as to the Klingon's earlier apparent confusion as to Humans and their home planet, whilst he now claimed that one of the languages of Earth was a favourite study.

Feeling increasingly uneasy, Roddenberry pushed through the door into the kitchen area, making for the refrigerator. Suddenly aware of a movement behind him, he whirled in time to see Spock's fingers reaching for the neck pinch. Utter astonishment prevented the yell both Kirk and Spock expected.

"It's all right - we're friends. We won't harm you," Kirk said quickly, spreading his hands in a gesture of friendship.

Roddenberry did not hear him; he was still staring at Spock. "Oh man!" he muttered to no-one in particular.

"Negative," corrected Spock without a trace of a smile. "Vulcan."

Kirk shot him a pained glance, then moved towards Roddenberry, his hands on his hips, and announced in an undertone, "I'm Captain James T. Kirk of the United Space Ship Fnterprise - this is my First Officer, Mr. Spock. I know you've had a shock, Mr...?"

"Roddenberry."

'Mr. Roddenberry... but all we want you to do is to keep out of the way. Don't ask any questions. You won't be hurt, and we'll be gone before you know it."

This alarmed Roddenberry. Having found himself two more aliens, one of whom seemed quite Human and teasingly familiar to him, he did not intend to allow them to disappear without answering his by-now feverish curiosity as to just exactly what was going on. Furthermore, he never had taken to being told what to do - at least, not by complete strangers, aliens or no.

Spock saw a familiar stubbornness cross the Human's features and realised with something of a shock that that particular expression reminded him strongly of Jim.

Roddenberry thought rapidly; he had to stall them. Any further action was prevented, however, as he registered the sound of the station wagon starting up and heading away at some speed.

"Iotia!" exclaimed Kirk, inexplicably.

"Internal combustion engine," confirmed Spock, following his Captain at a run.

Kirk exploded onto the porch, phaser aimed and set to kill; he could take no chances... the car was just withing range. He was prevented from firing, however, by Roddenberry, who jumped on both him and Spock from behind, causing all three to stumble forward to the ground. By the time Spock leaped agilely to his feet, the station wagon was gone, swallowed up in the darkness.

Kirk whirled on Roddenberry. "You damn fool! What the hell did you think you were doing?"

"Preventing a murder," Roddenberry answered mildly.

"You may have prevented one, Mister, but you sure as hell are going to cause a lot more." Without waiting for a reply, Kirk turned to Spock. "We've got to get after him," he snapped.

"On foot, Captain?" Spock reminded him.

"What has he done?" asked Roddenberry quietly.

Kirk's onrush of anger was suddenly held in check; the question and the tone had sounded so... so Spock. He looked curiously at Roddenberry.

"You're taking all this very ... calmly," Firk remarked.

"There isn't much point in taking it any other way, is there?" Roddenberry replied.

"That's... logical, I guess." Kirk regarded him for a moment, then took a deep breath. "Mr. Roddenberry, we may need your help. We've got to find Kavar."

Roddenberry shook his head. "I cannot help you - not until I'm convinced I'm not... interfering - wrongly, that is."

"Roddenberry, we don't have time to explain ... "Kirk began.

"Jim," Spock took Kirk aside, "the mind-meld. So much could be explained in perspective in so little time. We are strangers - Roddenberry knows this area."

Kirk was startled by his own reaction to Spock's suggestion. He himself had asked Spock to meld with otherbeingd many times - why, now, this feeling of... jealousy? Was it perhaps that softened look he had noticed cross Spock's stony features earlier as he looked at Roddenberry?

"Are you willing, Spock?" His voice was slightly defensive.

Spock gave his Captain a half smile, understanding. "Mot... willing, in that sense, no, Jim," he replied gently, his dark eyes, hidden from Roddenberry, reassuring his friend. "Only you will ever see all of me, my t'hy'la." He spoke the words quietly in the Vulcan he had been patiently teaching his friend.

The golden eyes locked with his. "I am in constant thirst for thy soul," Kirk answered softly, also in Vulcan, quoting part of the ancient Vulcan bonding Now.

Their minds melded easily now, without physical contact, and it was an effort for both to withdraw and return their attention to the situation they now must resolve.

Kirk faced Roddenberry. "Mr. Roddenberry, you are greatly honoured. My First Officer has the ability to establish telepathic communication with another mind. If you are willing, he will... share his mind with you," Kirk paused; those words had been difficult to deliver, "permitting you to see the events which brought us here... and a window into your future."

Spock continued, "But for the sake of that future I must also implant a mental instruction that when we depart you will consciously forget all you have seen in my thoughts. If you object to this..." Spock hesitated.

"What will I be left with?" enquired Roddenberry.

Spock regarded him thoughtfully, then, "You will have... more conviction... in your... dreams."

"Isn't that the most any man can ask for?" Roddenberry smiled.

Kirk moved discreetly aside as Spock placed his hands upon Roddenberry's face.

When Spock drew back Roddenberry's face had a look of wonder as he regarded the Vulcan. True, he had seen the world he had always dreamed of, had always known would exist one day... but beyond that he had glimpsed the kind of love which could reach beyond the barriers of all differences of nature, tradition and teaching... the memory of that glimpse, brief though it had been, Roddenberry knew would never fade. Such love was the vindication of the dream.

"Thank you," was, however, the only comment Roddenberry made. He turned to Kirk.

"Captain, I believe you. I have another car, and I know of a short cut

which should get us to the coast road just before Kavar."

"We appreciate that, Mr. Roddenberry."

"Gene... call me Gene." Noting that warm smile, Roddenberry again experienced that strange... feeling of knowing this man.

"All right, Gene. Let's go."

第二条 · 第

"He should emerge by the coast road," Roddenberry told them as he skill-fully steered the car over the bumpy, overgrown track. "I'd say we should have at least a few minutes on him - he'll have to negotiate the road down the mountain side. I know this track well... I come here whenever I'm having trouble with a script."

"Script? You're a writer?"

"That's right. You know, it's funny - I've an idea for a science fiction show with something like the background you guys come from... it's been floating around in my head for quite a while now. Not little green men - no offence, Mr. Spock - zapping bug-eyed monsters... but, you know, little green men who think before they zap... if you see what I mean."

Spock raised an eyebrow. "I believe I do. I suggest you develop this idea. Such a view of the universe when Mankind is about to reach out to the stars would prove most beneficial."

Kirk glanced at his friend in some surprise. Reach out to the stars... that was a somewhat poetic response from his logical Vulcan. Spock became aware of Kirk's eyes on him, and raised the other eyebrow quellingly. He received a teasing grin in reply.

"As a young friend of mine might say... you're real cool, Mr. Spock."

Spock looked momentarily confused. "Admittedly your Earth temperatures can sometimes prove less than comfortable..." He stopped. "Ah. I understand. In this era to be told one is 'cool' is... ah... complimentary?"

Roddenberry grinned. He had the strangest feeling his leg was being pulled. Gradually he brought the car to a smooth halt and gave a nod of his head towards a side road.

"That's where he should come out."

"Can you position the car across that exit?" demanded Kirk.

Roddenberry glanced at him approvingly. "Good idea..." Another thought struck him - cars didn't exactly come all that cheaply... come to that, he reminded himself sternly, neither does the future; and manfully swallowing his groan he carefully positioned the car directly across the side exit.

Spock looked up from his tricorder. "I read a Klingon life form approaching, Captain."

Kirk acknowledged the information with a brisk nod. "All right, Mr. ... I mean, Gene... I suggest you go and find a secure place to hide."

Roddenberry looked faintly insulted, then his expression cleared. "Of course... I don't suppose you need any extra baggage... and I don't suppose you can take any chances with the future at stake. Who knows — even I might have a part to play." He smiled his charming smile. "No time for macho games, I guess."

"Precisely," Spock replied, not understanding the 'macho' reference entirely, but surprised and pleased by the Human's perceptive intelligence.

Kirk was similarly impressed. "I am convinced you will have a significant part to play."

Roddenberry thanked him with his eyes. For some reason Kirk's commendation had meant a lot to him... perhaps because here was the man and the position his boyhood dreams had desired for himself? Giving himself a slight shake he got out

of the car and hurried out of sight.

A few moments later the station wagon hurtled into view, Kavar struggling at the wheel. He became aware of the car blocking his path, and his sharp eyes caught the gold and blue of Starfleet uniforms. He realised that they were using the car as a shield.

How... how had they found him? If these had discovered him, others would follow. Was he never to be free? For the first time his innate aggression, channelled previously into acts of violence against other life forms, superseded all other instincts, and trapped as he was, unable to control his sudden blind desire to destroy, he put the car into its top speed, ploughing into the stationary car.

Spock's reflexes, reacting quicker than ever before, drove him against Kirk, bowling him out of danger, although the Captain caught part of the impact, and he sprawled unconscious as Spock lay trapped beneath twisted metal.

It was with a strange sense of exhileration and final release that Kavar felt himself hurtling over the nearby cliff drop into nothingness, to plunge into the anonymity of the warm, whispering ocean.

Numb with shock, Roddenberry stumbled from his hiding place. Kirk was unconscious, but alive; with a sense of dread he hurried over to Spock.

The Vulcan's face was rigid in his effort to control the agonising pain, but the dark eyes cleared as Roddenberry's face swam into view.

"Jim? All right?"

Roddenberry nodded mutely, sinking to his knees beside Spock. "Don't... don't talk. I'll get help."

"No!" It was a strangled gasp. "No-one must... know..." He coughed, and a green froth bubbled to his lips. "Get... Jim away... He will be returned... Still some hours left. You must destroy my... remains."

Roddenberry stared at him.

"Roddenberry... please... I am dying... Promise me... no traces..." The voice was fading, but with a supreme effort Spock turned his head towards Kirk's prostrate form.

"T'hy'la... zu'kr t'hy 'r... I will await you." *

The dark head lolled back, and the deep brown eyes closed.

"No..." Roddenberry reached out, trembling. The Vulcan was still warm. Maybe... maybe with medical help... He pushed all other considerations away. The future needed these men. If a doctor could only step the Vulcan sinking further into death... When they returned to their own time their own medical technology could do the rest. He remembered a name from the meld... Bones... Yes, a doctor... The Vulcan thought highly of him... If twentieth century medical technology could just keep him alive, this 'Bones' would do the rest - he could save the Vulcan. The memory of the meld reinforced his determination. That partnership, that bond he had glimpsed could one day, he was sure, unite the galaxy completely. He had to see that they were returned together. He thought also of how Kirk's hazel eyes would look at him if he did not do his utmost to save the Vulcan... On that thought, he rose and set off at a run.

Roddenberry closed his eyes in relief. Spock had made it... but what would happen to him now? Surely they should have been transported back - was that the phrase? - by now? Had he saved Spock's life just to see the Vulcan become a museum exhibit?

"Come on!" he muttered. "Get 'em back there!"

* Archaic High Vulcan. (Pre-Surak) Nearest translation - Beloved of my being.

Kirk was uttering the same plea just as he began to feel that strange sense of dissolution similar to the transporter effect, and knew the Guardian was reaching for them.

//Spock://
//Yes, Jim. I feel it too.//
//We'll be home soon, t'hy'la.//
//Home...//

"Sir... Sir, I think something's happening..."

"What the... They're disappearing! For God's sake, what the... Oh no... not now! Please, no! The President..."

"Do something! Anything!"

"It's... it's too late... We lost 'em both."

In the midst of the rush to get to the ambulance, Gene Roddenberry experienced a sense of utter disorientation... Where the hell was he? What on Earth had happened? All these people...

"Has there been an accident?" He caught at one of the white-coated men.

"They've gone," was the dismal reply.

-3c - 3c - 3

"Bones?"

"Well, he came through surgery okay, Jim. He was in a bad way... but don't worry... he'll make it."

Kirk's shoulders slumped with relief. "I'll stay till he wakes up."

McCoy was about to argue, but observing the steely determination on Kirk's face he decided that perhaps the best treatment for those two was to leave them alone together for a while.

"All right, Jim," he conceeded gently.

"Thanks. Bones."

"And... maybe later you two can tell me about this Roddenberry character you ran into."

"You'd have liked him, Bones... a lot. I guess he was from your part of the world, too, judging from his accent."

"Really? Do you know anything else about him?"

"Just that he was a writer... I'm going to see what Spock can find out from his magic box on the Bridge when he's up to it. I know one thing, Pones... That man was destined for something important. He had so much in common with our world, Bones - I almost wanted to bring him back with us, to see the world he dreamed of "Kirk paused, remembering. "Okay if I go in now?"

"Go on ... and he's sleeping, so no chess matches!"

ac 30 at

Roddenberry stared at Shatner as the new lead of STAR TREK enthusiastically pointed out his own ideas on the latest script. This man damn well was Kirk... He'd never met him before, of course, so why this feeling that he had?

Shrugging, he returned his attention to the demanding Shatner. He was so like... who? One day I'll remember where I've seen you before, he thought; then he became aware that Shatner had stopped speaking.

"Well... whaddya think, Gene?"

"I think..." Gene paused, his eyes suddenly looking into the past - or the

future. "I think dreams come true."

"I always said you were," Shatner said solemnly.

"Said I was what?" Roddenberry replied with a grin, knowing what to expect.
"I always said that the Great Bird of the Galaxy was a cuckoo!"



MY FRIEND

bу

Bettina Rackel

My friend
There is something I cannot say aloud
Yet it is vivid in my mind
In the meld you are to know...

My heart - torn between Earth and Vulcan - needed What?
You
Were the first one
Ever to touch my soul.
You understood - "I haven't heard a word you said."

You wanted me to accept - "I suspect
You're becoming more and more Human all the time "
Both sides - "I see no reason to stand here And be insulted."

I am Vulcan.
Hazel eyes teasing, aglow with mischief - yet gentle
Emotion - unbidden
Part of me

You were there Teaching, reaching, understanding, giving But I turned from what I saw "The enemy within" To give my life to logic, exorcise my Human half.

Vulcan, hot and dry
- Why is it I feel so cold inside?
"Spock, why fight so hard to be part of only one world?"
Darkness, but one sparkle of light is shining brightly
Kolinahr - "Goodby my... my t'hy'la" (the light is gone)
More close than a brother...
And again
You were there - "His answer lies elsewhere" (brightness)
My answer lies in you
I learn - "Why not fight instead to be the best of both?"

** ** ** ** ** *

"We need him - I need him" - as I need you T'hy'la - this time I will listen And know and believe
To be One

** ** **

"My task on Vulcan is completed."

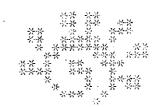
*** ** *** ** *** **



RAGEMME

bу

Linda C. Wood



Science Offier's Log: Personal report by Commander Spock, Stardate 2306.7. Report commences:

The Enterprise was in parking orbit around Farth on a brief call to pick up new personnel. I requested permission of the Captain to beam down to Starfleet HQ with my universal translator, which had developed a minor malfunction. A specialist technician was to have been awaiting me to repair it quickly and return me to the Starship as soon as possible.

However, when I materialised I felt a sudden jolt, the image of Starfleet HQ's transporter room blinked out, and was replaced by an exterior location. By the air temperature I deduced I was considerably further North than before, and not in the same continent. My surroundings were urban, with 3-storey red brick buildings on either side of a street. I had, in fact, materialised in a recessionary alcove which led to the dwelling places of the inhabitants, and I was able to remain concealed there for a short time to familiarise myself with my location.

There must have been a transporter malfunction, I realised, but I had the distinct impression that I had also been regressed in time, and this was confirmed when I noticed a newspaper lying nearby. Its date read May 14th, 1983. This fact concerned me, as I knew Captain Kirk would have considerable difficulty in finding me 300 years in the past.

However, I found it necessary to adapt quickly to my location. Suddenly there appeared to be a great deal of activity in the street as masses of the male population, bedecked in blue jeans, and either green-and-white or red-white-and-blue scarves, shirts and head coverings surged up the street in the same direction.

Confirming the old Earth adage of safety in numbers, and realising my blue Starfleet shirt was similar in colour to those which half the crowd was wearing, I ventured into the throng. I thought it expeditious, however, to acquire some kind of head covering, as my Vulcan physiology might just attract unwanted attention. Noticing a piece of paper on the ground I picked it up and saw the words "Five Pounds" printed thereon. British currency.

Unsure as to the meaning of the different coloured headgear and scarves, I preceived a vendor selling tartan hats, and purchased one of these, receiving some change. I immediately donned the hat, pulling it down over my ears.

Tartan merchandise immediately suggested the fact that I was in Northern Britain — to be precise, Scotland — and a further look at local newspapers being read by members of the crowd confirmed that I was in the ancient city of Glasgow, famous for its shipbuilders and engineers, and possibly, I surmised, where Mr. Scott's antecedents originated.

A gentleman I was walking beside tapped my arm and said, "Haw, Jimmy, 'atsa stoatir o' a bunnet, so itiz."

I had no idea what this meant, but recalling I had my infallible universal translator with me, I turned it on and inserted the earpiece. I then turned to the man and requested him to repeat the statement.

"Yiz deef. Mistir?"

My translator translated.

"I regret I do have an auricular problem, sir," I replied. And how!
"Okay. I just said, Haw, Jimmy, 'atsa stoatir o' a bunnet, so itiz."
The translator hummed for a moment, then came up with, "Here, James, that's

a bouncer of a headcovering, so it is,"

Bouncer of a head covering? What does that mean? I turned to the man and said, "Er, excuse me, sir, my appellation is not James, as you intimated, but what is the definition of the word 'stoatir'?"

The man gave me a strange look, then turned to his female companion, who was flouncing along at his side. Pointing to the lady in question he said, "Issiz ma burd. She's a stoatir, tae."

The translator hiccuped a couple of times in my ear, and came out with, "This is my avian species. She is a bouncer as well."

I beheld the female and quickly came to the conclusion that she bore no resemblance whatsoever to the avian species, although a certain part of the girl's anatomy was most certainly bouncing. I made an opportune exit from their company, adjusting the faulty translator as I walked.

Another man walking beside me addressed me. "Hey, Mistir, you a P or a C?"

The machine stuttered a couple of times and said, "Untranslatable! Untrans-latable!"

I turned to the man and said, "I am sorry, sir, but I do not understand you."

He gave me a burning look of hatred and uttered malevolently, "Away, ye stumour ye!"

My translator suddenly emitted a high-pitched scream which nearly deafened me. It gabbled, "I cannot translate - I do not understand - I have failed in my task - I am unworthy of existence - ah, ah!"

I threw the earpiece and box away from me. It landed harmlessly on a front lawn. Then it blew itself up.

× -> >>

I progressed with the crowd to the entrance to a large stadium. Curious to see what the event was, I found I had just enough money to enter at the cheapest rate. I was standing amongst other blue-clad men, and I overheard the fact that we were located at 'the Rangers End'. The other extremity of the enclosure was designated 'the Celtic End', and a considerable feeling of animosity was projected in that direction.

The meeting appeared to have strong religious overtones, and the worship consisted of eleven young Human gods on each side, eleven wearing red white and blue, and eleven in green and white. They met in a worshipful formation on the green expanse which a neighbour referred to as "The Perc" and, amidst chanting and singing, the twenty two young gods kicked a circular object called locally "Raba'" to the opposite ends of The Perc. The object of this exercise was to put Raba' in "Ranet", which act was entitled 'a goal'. The eleven men who did this the most often were considered to be the gods of the week, if not the year.

In the event the first goal was scored by the men in blue, and thousands of male voices erupted in acclaim of this feat; this was quickly followed by a moving hymn entitled, "There's notta Team." This is a rousing paean which spurred the young men on to greater accomplishments.

My neighbour, noticing my lack of involvement with the ewent, turned to me and said. "Haw. Jimmy. uryou all right? Yiz look a bit green aroon! the gills."

Without the assistance of my translator I was unable to determine the meaning of the second sentence, but I assured him that I was in perfect health, to which he replied, placing a metal can containing liquid in my hand,

"Here, son, huvva bevvy."

I sipped the liquid, but did not like the taste, so returned the container to him.

Whilst this was happening the gods in green scored a goal at the other end of The Perc, which occurrence met with complete silence amongst my companions, quickly followed by an outborst of what sounded like wild imprecations. I was glad my translator had ceased to function, as I felt that they were employing terminology the translation of which would not benefit future generations.

At the other end of The Perc the wearers of green were in frenzies of ecstasy and unbridled jollity, and this demonstration of emotion included the ritual of throwing long rolls of what appeared to be a soft type of papyrus into The Perc and at the opposing "Goalie", the man who was the last line of defence before Raba' goes into ranet. This is a delightful effect, most colourful; a supporter of the blues cryptically referred to this special effect as "A loada bumff."

I have omitted to mention that there was a twenty-third man on The Perc, dressed in black, with two other attendants who ran up and down the edges of the perimeter of play. The man in the centre of the action was variously called "Sodyheid", "Eedjit", and - less colourfully, "Ref".

When the goal for the greens, called Celtic, occurred, my neighbours directed some other comments, which I mentioned before, which — if my ear for the language was correct — cast severe aspersions of his parentage, followed by another chant which related to his mental state, in some way connected to basic physical and sexual reactions. These remarks I considered to be highly bllogical, as he appeared to be perfectly normal to me.

The Ref, undeterred by these remarks, continued to monitor the progress of Ragemme, and after a certain time had elapsed, blew his whistle to denote an interval of play.

It was during this interval, from occurrences I observed around me, that I determined not ever again to accept the offer of a bevvy from any male in my vicinity.

At the end of the interval, which was referred to as "Hauf-time", the opposing colours formed battle formation again and Ragemme recommenced. After a short time the blue team scored again, but the Ref appeared to disapprove of the method by which this end was met, and disallowed the goal. This evoked a violent reaction, such as metal and glass containers being hurled overhead and rockets being set off dangerously amongst the crowd.

I tried to move out of the way of the projectiles, but one unfortunately caught me a glancing blow on the temple and I felt myself falling, blood flowing from the wound. I automatically clamped my hand over the cut to stem the flow, at the same time realising that the sight of green blood in a decidedly blue area might prove fatal to me. I remember thinking, before I lost consciousness, that I should have beamed down with an Andorian, thus maintaining the balance of blue and green.

I came to with the sight of a man in a dark blue uniform, emblazoned with a red cross, leaning over me. I still had my hand pressed hard against my temple, but saw the shocked expression on his face when he realised it was green blood.

I rose shakily and attempted a reassuring Human smile. Thinking fast, I came up with, "Like my theatrical makeup? Newest craze - just trying it out for realism."

The man shook his head in disbelief, but I escaped quickly before more awkward questions could be asked. I decided I had had quite enough of Ragemme, and would not wait to see the outcome. Still a little shaky, I found an exit into the street. I stopped the bleeding with my Vulcan body control, and found a place of ablution to wash the rest of the blood from my face and hand.

Fortunately, there was no-one else there at the time, as my communicator chose that moment to bleep.

"Spock. Spock, are you there? Come in, Spock."

I sighed with relief - it was Jim's voice. I pulled out my communicator. "Spock here, Captain. Where are you?"

"Just stay where you are, Spock, we've got a tracer on you. I'll be right there."

(Back on the ship the Captain subsequently explained that there had been a severe electrical/ion storm caused by volcanic eruptions in the Starfleet HQ area, but in the 1983 timescale, which had caused the jump. The beam-down location was totally random, and the Captain had reluctantly to return to the Guardian to find me.)

On my return to the Enterprise, Mr. Scott was at the transporter controls. His eyes widened when he noticed the headgear I was still wearing.

"Why Mr. Spock, that's a braw tammy yir wearing. Ye werenae in Bonny Scotland, by any chance?"

"Indeed I was, Mr. Scott, and having had direct experience with your antecedents in a city called Glasgow, I must confess that I am truly amazed that such in improvement was possible over the last 300 years."

"Whaddaya mean. Mr. Spock?"

I deemed it expeditious not to reply, however, merely raising my eyebrow as I walked out of the transporter room. Behind me I heard Mr. Scott's voice saying, "I think I've just been complimented by a Vulcan!"

You have. Mr. Scott. You have.

* *

Hysterical - sorry, historical - note:-

The initials P and C relate to the Protestant and Catholic religions. Glasgow Rangers are the Protestant team, and Celtic the Catholic team. Whichever team one supported also related to whichever religion one embraced. If one's answer to the question was not in accord with the questioner's beliefs, one was likely to suffer verbal and physical abuse, called in the local vernacular, "Putting the heid in."

A 'stumour' can have many definitions, including idiot, silly person, twit or cretin. Take your pick.

MR. SPOCK'S GUIDE TO ANCIPMY GLASWEGIAN

Science Officer's Log, Stardate 2307.1

Further to my report of Stardate 2306.7, I append a short list of words and phrases that I encountered during my short stay in Glasgow, Old Earthdate May 14 1983, which I would hope would encourage linguistics experts of the Federation to commence a full-scale study of the era. The list of words and phrases, in alphabetical order, is as follows:

ATSA STOATHT - Contraty to apparent connotations with the stoat family of animals, this statement was made in an admiring tone of voice at the item of headwear I had purchased to cover my ears in order not to alarm the pre-starflight era of the population. Another local definition of 'stoat' apparently means 'to bounce', eg 'to stoat a ba' 'means 'to bounce a ball.' Whilst walking among the crowd I also heard the word stoatir used to refer to a well-endowed female nearby, although I cannot see the connection... Oh!

C'MOAN GIRAFF - Although this has all the visual appearance of referring to a moaning giraffe, there were none in the vicinity at the time, and the personage uttering the phrase was ejecting an inebriated man from a public transport vehicle.

D'JOO JALOOZE THAT? - This apparently ethnic query which sounds as though a member of the local Jewish community has lost something has the literal translation into standard English, "Did you understand that?" The root of the word 'jalooze' is lost in ancient dialectical aberrations.

HAW, YOUSE/WULLIE/JIMMY MAC - A general method of approaching a total stranger with a view to addressing him.

HUVVA BEVVY - As this systement was made as a local inhabitant thrust a can of beer into my hand, it would appear to be an invitation to partake of the local brew, and not an invitation to partake of the pleasure ofacquainting oneself with a young and pretty lady.

MUSTAFA PEE - The prefix 'mustafa' was frequently employed, but invariably the gentlemen speaking it were of Scottish and not Arabic origins. As the gentleman who uttered the phrase was exhibiting signs of considerable personal discomfort at the time, and as soon as he had entered the stadium headed in the direction of the nearest convenience, I am able to 'jalooze' the accurate definition of the phrase.

RAGIMME - The prefix 'Ra' does not refer to the ancient Egyptian sun god Ra, but is rather a corruption of the word 'the'. This prefix is very frequently employed, and should always be separated from the rest of the word. 'Ragemme' therefore translates as 'the game', and in this context refers to a form of entertainment known as a 'fitba' match', and not to an African safari.

Copy to ship's linguistic banks, Captain Kirk and Mr. Scott, for information.

* * *

A few hours later Mr. Scott was at his Bridge Engineering position when a yeaman handed him the sealed report. Mr. Scott opened it and began to read.

Mr. Spock, hovering nearby, heard a chuckle emanating from the Chief Engineer, then a giggle. Spock moved over beside him and saw what he was reading.

Mr. Scott then escalated into helpless hysterics, the tears of laughter coursing down his face.

Spock's eyebrows escalated, too. Curious, he asked, "Mr. Scott, why are you laughing? Mr. Scott! Please refrain from supporting yourself on my person! Ah, Mr. Scott... would you now please pick yourself up of the floor? Mr. Scott!?"

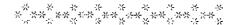


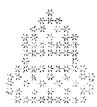
HOMESTY IS THE BEST POLICY?

Ъз

Barbara Wright

The Rec Room was tranquil 'Til into their midst Burst an angry Captain With a shirt in his fist. "This shirt is too small. The Machine's got it wrong," He said, as he threaded His way through the throng To the side of his Chief. And shouted out, "Scotty! If you can't fix it soon. I think I'll go dotty." "Now, Captain," said Scott, "The machine's nae ma pride. But I think what's at fault Is the size of your hide!"





THE DALETON DEBATE

` :"

bv. .

Joyce Devlin



Admiral Kirk sat facing the viewscreen. He was a broad-shouldered man with a slight weight problem; his hazel eyes watched hungrily as the viewscreen flashed into life.

Stardate 6439.27. Priority One Report. Extract Log Entry USS Enterprise.

Those few words transported him back to the days of his youth, the days when he himself had captained an Enterprise. The view on the computers's view screen showed Captain James T. Kirk sitting quietly in the command chair, and the Admiral's eyes glowed with pride at the sight of his son. Not for the first time did the thought of Janet cross his mind - she would have been proud of her son, too. Thankfully she had lived long enough to see him graduate from the Academy.

The viewer shifted to an external view of the Enterprise in orbit around the Daleton space lab, then once again the interior of the Bridge came into view.

"Any luck, Lieutenant?" Kirk asked his Communications Officer.

"No, sir - nothing but static that I can't break through," she replied.

"Keep trying, Lieutenant," Kirk ordered as he turned towards the Science Station. "Anything yet?"

"No, sir. It would appear that all systems have been closed down," the Vulcan reported.

"Or broken down?" Kirk quizzed.

"No, sir, the sensors indicate that it is a manual shut-down."

James Kirk paced the floor, back and forth several times a minute; the Admiral gave a rueful smile - that unconscious pacing was a habit young Jamie had picked up from him.

"This is damn peculiar," Kirk stated. "I'm going down there." It was clear to the Admiral that his son's mind was made up.

"But Captain, as Science Officer it should be my place to investigate further," the Vulcan protested.

Kirk shook his head. "No, I want you on the ship in case anything goes wrong. I need someone I can trust to come up with a possible line of action should anything happen to me."

"Very well, sir." The Science Officer turned back to his station, giving the impression of total resignation.

The Admiral chuckled to himself; his own Vulcan would have reacted in much the same way, quietly disapproving but outwardly acquiescent.

Kirk paused and then punched the chair intercom. "This is the Captain. The following personnel meet me in the transporter room in ten minutes. Mr. Scott, Lieutenant Sulu, two Security guards and a medic - whoever is top of the duty rosters will be adequate. Sickbay, as we do not know what the situation is at the moment there is no point in risking unnecessary personnel until we discover what's what. Kirk out."

The Admiral watched as the Log Entry changed from the Enterprise Bridge to her transporter room. All the landing party personnel were already there and waiting for their Captain. Lieutenant-Commander Scott was talking to the transporter chief, and the Admiral thought - not for the first time - how much young Kyle resembled his grandfather. Lieutenant Sulu was deep in conversation with the medic, while the two Security guards were checking their armament. The Admiral thought that if this Monty Scott was even half as good as his uncle, Jamie had a damn good Chief Engineer, while Sulu gave the impression of having the

same zest for life his father had had. Funny how so many of his crew had relatives serving in Starfleet under his son... but strange though it seemed, history had a habit of repeating itself to a certain degree, for these youngsters had even followed the same specialities:

The landing party materialised inside the station's main lab, phasers drawn, the safety catches off ready to fire, the doctor included, the Admiral noted. Now what the hell was Jamie's Chief Medical Officer called? Funny how he could never remember the man's name.

The two Security guards pivoted round to cover their backs, forming a small, tight protective circle. There was very little light, only the dim impulse lights which automatically came on when the main light went out.

"Kirk yelled. "Hello!"

The station's reply came by way of echoes, giving the impression of vast emptiness.

Kirk shook his head as the echoes of his voice died down. "Phasers on stun, move out, and be careful," he ordered, adding, "We don't know what's happened, so stay alert.

The C.M.O. attached himself to his Captain's side as the party split up. So typical, the Admiral thought, as he remembered with fondness his own C.M.O.'s actions in situations like that.

"Scotty, see if you can improve the lighting," Kirk ord ered as he nodded to the doctor in acknowledgement.

"Aye, sir. It should be no problem once I've found the main power switch."

They moved off down the corridor; the lights were still very dim, and the shadows heavy. The corridors were deserted. The question that sprang to the Admiral's mind was, where on Earth were the hundred-odd support personnel? Then he remembered that most of them were on leave - but that still left the ten scientists and their technicians. The Admiral watched as his son and the medical officer made their way through the deserted space lab. Suddenly the lights blazed on in full, causing both officers to squint under the glare.

"Now that Scotty's found the main power switch, let's check the computer; there may be some clue as to what's happened," Kirk said as they made their way back to the main lab.

The Admiral watched as the landing party gathered once again in the main lab. With the power switched on, Kirk was able to operate the main computer - much to the surprise of the others, as was evident to the Admiral by the looks on their faces. Kirk asked the computer to display the last few days' entries. It complied, the last entry flashing onto the screen in the form of a message.

"Sorry, Enterprise, but something's cropped up, so we'll have to miss the scheduled medical and go and investigate. A matter of life and death, so to speak. Your Science Officer will be interested in the findings, so we'll be back in three months or so. From all at Daleton."

"Well, I'll be damned! I've heard of people just going off, but they've left a message that's not a message at all," the doctor grumbled.

"Starfleet's not going to like this one bit. Total desertion of the space lab." Kirk spoke his thoughts aloud.

"Perhaps they've just skived the medicals and are lying just off, watching the Enterprise," Scotty suggested.

"The sensors on board ship would have picked them up if they were," Sulu replied.

"Not if they were testing a new system," Scotty added. "This space lab's meant to be standard issue equipment, but so far there've been twenty modifications I've come across."

"Well, if it is just a simple case of skipping the medical, they've underestimated me. I intend to give it - it is a standard requirement. I can wait," the medical officer stated.

"You'll be waiting by yourself, Doctor," Kirk replied as he removed his communicator from his belt. "Kirk to Enterprise."

"Mnterprise. Lt. Dawson, sir," the disembodied voice replied.

"Stand by to beam up the landing party. Kirk out."

"Captain, ye'll need the lab's audiophoto unit, which has recorded everything we've done since beaming down," Scotty informed him as he set to work on a small. video-like machine.

"And I'll need the computer memory banks also, if Starfleet's going to make head or tail of this situation. Well, Doctor, are you coming or staying? It may be a long wait, as we don't know how long they've been gone."

The medical officer looked around the main lab before he gave his reply. "I'm coming. Don't think I fancy staying here by myself for twelve weeks, or whatever."

"Didn't think you would, but..." Kirk smiled as he opened his communicator. "Kirk to Enterprise. Five to beam up."

* * *

Unknown to the Admiral or his son the reason for the desertion of the space lab was a matter of life and death for Earth. The scientists were heading for a cloud of radiation which was on a heading for Earth - and the only thing between Farth and the clod was the Daleton space lab and the Daleton Disruptor, an untested radiation disruptor device that had to be launched dead centre if it were to be effective. However, they had miscalculated the amount of power necessary for the device to be launched, and their small craft did not have the power.

"I knew we should have left a detailed statement for the Enterprise," one of the older scientists complained to the young man who was the head of his field in the effects of radiation.

"Well, we'll just have to send out a Priority One signal to Starfleet."

"You mean the distress signal?" the other questioned.

"Yen."

"Dale, we are in enough trouble with Starfleet for leaving the station unattended. We may even lose the money to carry on with the project."

"Only if the disruptor fails," the other man chuckled.

"If it fails there'll be no-one left alive to do anything."

"Including us."

40 - 30 - 30

Admiral Kirk flipped of the viewer as his office door whooshed open to admit a tall Vulcan in Commodore's stripes.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir, but High Command are calling for an immediate emergency meeting on the Daleton factor, and Admiral Mogura has asked for an emergency meeting to discuss what action to take."

"But I've only just received the log on the Daleton Factor."

The Vulcan raised his right eyebrow in amazement; he had thought that Kirk would have been one of the first to receive the log - but of course, it had been the Enterprise.

"How many have seen this before it got to me?"

"Ah well, in this case you are the last one to see it as they all know how long it takes you to get through the logs of the Enterprise."

"I see."

"Well, with everyone else having read the report, you can take as long as you like without holding up the queue." the Vulcan replied.

"Logical."

"I thought that was my response, George."

"Usually, tut I beat you to it this time, Selep: Anyway, I know the general idea of what the log report containes."

"Yes, but I know just how much you like to view your son's log entry reports."

George Kirk shrugged. "Anticipation never harmed anyone, my friend. Shall we go? It wouldn't do for us to keep the Admiralty waiting."

Side by side Admiral Kirk and his ex-First Officer walked out of the office.



BRIGHT VISION

Vicki Richards

The long years shall pass; a new time will dawn; A miracle then; the Human child grows, finally learning The foolishness of anger.

Peace on Farth; a dream long cherished
In the hearts of the wise; those who understood
That such a time had to come.
Then they shall live, the dear ones we love
For we know they must, as we comprehend
The truth in the vision.

Caring and Human, yet wise in his courage,
True leader of men - he shall exist;
A goal to strive after.
And the stern Vulcan, brilliant with logic;
All-knowing, all-seeing; still hiding
His loyal, true heart.
The third friend, so needed, by both in different ways;
McCoy of the kindly eyes; he looks out on us
From the future on which we wait.

All three watch us knowingly, the ones they can reach to; Touching our lives, urging us onward To summon that sunlit universe.
Their time shall come, and ours, we who dream And keep faith, trying ever to realise One man's golden vision.
Now that vision, so grown, lives in many souls; We keep it carefully, hoping our love Will bring to life the dream.

For the bright vision must come. How can it not?





THIS THING CALLED FRIENDSHIP by



Vicki Richards

"Will it work, Spock?" Kirk anxiously watched as the Vulcan did his utmost to achieve miracles with the small amount of equipment available to him. If it could be done, then Spock would do it; Kirk had no doubts on that score. But was it possible?

"As I explained, Captain," came the patient reply from somewhere inside the crasshed emergency pod - from where Spock was working all that was visible was the bottom half of him, legs cocooned in the protective life-support suit - "Theoretically it is possible to construct a radio beacon using some of the components incorporated in this pod," the Vulcan continued his repeat explanation. "However, I am not certain if it has ever been done in practice. But, as I told you, it should be possible."

Kirk pulled a wry face inside his own life-support suit. Poor Spock - he shouldn't have bothered him, when he knew very well his friend was working as hard as he possibly could to try and get them out of the mess they were in.

And it was a mess, this time. Marooned on a lifeless planetoid with something like ten hours air left - Spock had given them an exact estimate, but Kirk was trying not to think about it too much at that particualr instant - and they had no possible means of communication with the Enterprise, unless she was within communicator range, which she shouldn't be; but then you never knew with Scotty - once he found out what had happened to them he'd probably have the ship scouring the quadrant for them.

But without any way to communicate, or send up a signal of some kind, such a search would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. Even if Spock did manage to produce a functioning radio beacon, there was no guarantee that a ship would pick up the signal; certainly no guarantee that their signal would be heard in time for them to be picked up - while they were still alive.

From somewhere behind him, Kirk heard the hideous sound of an Andorian curse. He turned, and couldn't help but grin at Kelev, the captain of the deep-space shuttle they had made their escape from, and who had been marooned with them. Better than dying with the rest of his crew, of course, but Kelev knew as well as he and Spock that their chances of survival were limited, to say the least. And of course, he was still smarting at the pirating of the Federation shuttle he commanded by those damned Agenian outlaws. Hence the curses. If they did get out of here, Kirk had a good mind to get Kelev to teach him a few; they were certainly effective.

But trying to make light of their situation only worked momentarily, at best, and the harsh reality of their plight impressed itself on him again almost immediately. They really did have only an outside chance, and Spock had known better than to compute the odds on their chances of survival. A small grin flitted across his features as he considered how Human his friend could be at times. Then the grin faded.

The only thought he could console himself with was, at least it wasn't just one of them trapped there; at least, if they didn't make it, it would be both of them, together.

Kelev came up behind him and swore softly, again.

"If anyone can do it, Kelev, Spock can," Kirk told him as reassuringly as he could. "With a radio beacon, we do at least stand some chance of being picked up."

"A very small chance, Captain Kirk," came the Andorian's reply. "I do not dispute your Science Officer's ability - but even if he is successful, I do not rate our chances very highly."

Kirk couldn't deny it, in all truth. Kelev knew the situation as well as he

and Spock did. It seemed pointless to tell the Andorian of all the times before when he and Spock had had far less chance of survival, yet they were both still here. It was possible, of course, that their luck had finally run out, but he was not going to give that thought credence — at least, not till the very last moment.

The diplomatic mission to Starbase 11 had been dogged with bad luck from the beginning. The Enterprise had been the only Starship in the sector, and as the aliens who had turned up there had demanded to meet a real Federation Starship Captain, before they would even consider reporting home on the possibilities of joining the Federation themselves, Starfleet had had had no option but to concede their demands. The Gorians were a fairly advanced race, but until the moment their diplomatic mission had turned up at Starbase 11 it had been generally believed that they would never, at least not for a very long time, make overtures as to the possibility of their joining the U.F.P. Farlier attempts at making contact had always been firmly rebuffed; the Gorians valued peace and a certain amount of privacy above all else, and simply could not believe that a huge organisation like the United Federation of Planets could be peaceful, especially when they were backed up by so large and powerful a naval force. Diplomatic sources indicated that the Gorians had once had very limited contact with the Romulan Empire, which probably went a long way towards explaining their inflexible attitude.

Then the Gorian VIP's had turned up at Starbase 11 out of the blue, asking to meet personally the highest-ranking officers they could. The Commodore at the Starbase had not satisfied them, however, and they had further demanded to meet Starship officers, preferably a Starship Captain, before making their return to Gor, with a view to commenting on the possibility of their finally making an application to join the UFP. That little piece of news had caused the Commodore to get on the subspace radio to the Enterprise forthwith, and the minute the Starship had arrived, a somewhat puzzled Kirk and Spock had beamed down to the Starbase to meet the waiting Gorians.

The summons had interrupted promised shore leave, and James Kirk hadn't been at all pleased about that. His crew needed a rest, and he was very displeased that they should have been denied the few days of relaxation they had earned. But once the Commodore had put them in the picture, the two Enterprise men had immediately grasped the implications — convincing the Gorians of the advantages of UFP membership warranted the taking of any reasonable measures necessary.

Although at first they had wondered just why their presence was so vital, the reasons had soon become obvious. Due to their tenuous early contact with the Romulans, the Gorians had come to believe that any large organisation such as the UFP could not, of its nature, be peaceful. Yet eventually, good words about the Federation had filtered through to them, and they had decided to find out for themselves; the ever-present threat of a possible return visit from the Romulan Empire had been a definite deciding factor.

Rut they were still scared of the might of Starfleet, and of the great Starships in particular. Their own interstellar craft were small and barely functional, and it was easy to see why they held ships like the Enterprise in such awe.

Which was why Captain James T. Kirk and First Officer Spock had found themselves on Starbase 11, trying to convince six very sceptical Gorians that Starship Captains and their crews were not, after all, the ogres the tales had made them out to be.

Kirk had used every ounce of charm he possessed, and it had worked. The Gorians were impressed, and had decided to return to their home planet as soon as they had learned all concerning UFP membership that the Commodore could tell them.

So Kirk and Spock had left the Commodore with the Gorians, with gratitude ringing in their ears, and standing invitations to visit Gor any time they liked. Spock had also to pass on a message to Vulcan that any members of his race would

be particularly welcome, and Kirk had spent a good ten minutes cheerfully pulling his friend's leg about his amazing diplomatic abilities. Spock, as usual, had responded in his own inimitable style, and Kirk had been laughing and feeling a great deal more relaxed as they walked from the conference suite than he had done since leaving the ship.

They might have succeeded in convincing the Gorians of Starfleet's good intentions, but now they had other problems. The talks had taken almost a day and a half, during which time the Enterprise had been called away on business. Uhura had picked up a distress call from a freighter, quite near by warp drive standards, and the Enterprise had subsequently left to go to the old ship's aid. Kirk had wanted to leave, and had told the Commodore that he and Spock were needed on the ship. Commodore Steel, however, had pulled rank, insisting that at that moment only Kirk and Spock could convince the Gorians, while Mr. Scott was quite capable of commanding the Enterprise on such a mission.

So the Starship had left without her Captain and First Officer, and now the two were faced with the problem of getting back to her.

Then the first bit of luck had struck them — or so it had seemed to Kirk. A Federation deep-space shuttle was due to leave Starbase 11 in only a few hours, and its logged course would take it within a reasonable distance of the Enterprise's projected position. Then they could rendezvous with the Starship as the two vessels passed, thus reducing the time the two officers spent away from their ship. The Enterprise, after all, would not yet be starting her return journey, and Kirk did not feel like kicking his heels in a Starbase for the rest of the day. He had seen enough of the Commodore for the time being.

Spock had refrained from commenting on the illogicality of impatience, and actually felt secretly relieved when it became apparent it was possible for them to travel on the shuttle; getting back to the Enterprise a few hours earlier than they would otherwise do was eminently preferable to wasting those hours in idleness. Besides, he knew well that James Kirk would not be happy until he was back on the Bridge again.

So they had left on the shuttle, and found that within a short while the Andorian crew were doing their best to make them feel at home for the duration of their stay. Kirk was impressed with their efficiency, and soon discovered that it had a great deal to do with the shuttle's captain, as might well have been expected, after all. Kelev was unlike many Andorians Kirk had met; he seemed to find it far easier to get on with everyone around him than many of his people did. He also had a high level of intelligence, and was clearly a born commander. Piloting a deep-space shuttle of the size and capability of that one was no mean responsibility, but after only a short while, Kirk had begun to think that perhaps Kelev deserved something better.

Spock had commented to Kirk on the Andorians' efficiency, and had been about to respond to Kirk's question about how long it would be till they made rendezvous with the Enterprise for the umpteenth time, when the shuttle had suddenly become alive with red-alert klaxons. Kirk remembered he had looked at Spock in speculation — what now? The captain had announced the news that they were under attack by Agenians, and as the first shock-waves had struck the shuttle, his speculation had quickly turned to frustration that he was not on his own ship, not on the Enterprise with her mighty power, and that in all probability the shuttle would have no effective defence against the larger attacking Agenian ship.

A concerned Spock had picked himself up from the floor first; he quickly had ascertained that Kirk was not injured; his friend had allowed himself to be helped to his feet. The two of them had taken several seconds to ensure that none of the other passengers in the large transit lounge were seriously injured, then Kirk had made his way immediately towards the shuttle's bridge, Spock close at his heels. Kelev was a good commander, but he lacked battle experience.

But Kelev was Andorian, and that race had certain natural abilities in that area. The two Enterprise officers had arrived to find Kelev in total control of

the situation. Within the limits of his ship's capabilities, Kelev had done, and was doing, everything Kirk himself would have ordered, but they could all see there was only one logical outcome to the confrontation - the Federation shuttle was heavily outguined.

Realising the situation was hopeless, Kelev had finally yielded to the Agenian demands for surrender. Had Kelev taken any wrong decision, then the watching Starship Captain would have taken command, as distasteful as claiming another's command would be to him. Spock knew it was hard for Jim merely to stand by and watch, but there had been no reason for either of them to interfere. Kelev had agreed the surrender; there had been no other choice, except annihilation. Self-destruction was unnecessary; the shuttle design was hardly secret, and there were civilian passengers to consider. Kelev had made the correct choice, even though it went against his nature and desires.

None of them could have known that the Agenians would come aboard killing everyone they saw. It was well known that they had a particular hatred for Andorians, but usually their object was to rob and injure, not to kill without reason. But these Agenians, so far from the sector they normally operated in, were not ordinary members of that aggressive, violent people. They were outlaws, ostracised even by their own kind, and killing, destruction and mayhem was their delight.

It had seemed than that their luck had finally run out; escape looked impossible, or nearly impossible. With nothing they could do to help the dying Andorians, Kirk and Spock had taken their only remaining chance and had made their way towards the escape pods. There they had found Kelev taking charge of the evacuation, ordering the civilian passengers inside the few pods the shuttle carried. There was one left, and Kelev told Kirk and Spock to take it. They had begun to climb inside, and Spock had experienced a heart-stopping moment of undeniable fear when Kirk had suddenly climbed out again to try and persuade the Andorian to try and escape also. He had been on the point of jumping out and dragging Kirk inside when Kelev had agreed, against usual Andorian tradition, to abandon ship himself.

The massacring Agenians had almost been upon them when Kelev had finally given the order. Then the small armada of emergency pods ejected from the shuttle simultaneously, to give them all the maximum chance of survival. The Agenians' weapons had fired almost immediately, hitting some of the tiny craft. Some were destroyed, some damaged; others miraculously escaped unscathed. This time Kirk's and Spock's luck returned, at least partially. Their pod had been hit, shaking them all out of their seats, but it had remained intact. The Agenians couldn't hit all of them. Then, after several agonising minutes, it became clear that they had, after all, escaped.

At least from the massacring outlaws. Their escape pod had quickly been expelled, and had passed the limit of Agenian detection or pursuit. And they knew that the alien aggressors would not dare remain in the area for long. The shuttle's distress signals would surely attract a heavy cruiser soon; Kirk wished with all his heart that it would be the Enterprise, and Spock had silently echoed the unspoken thought.

The damage to the pod had meant that they were still not out of danger. Periodically it had spun wildly, and it had taken all of Spock's skills to control it even partially. Then, too, escape pods were meant only for short-term usage; their air supply was limited, and theirs was damaged. If they couldn't find a place to set down within that limit, then they all faced a cold death in space.

At the time the small planetoid had been the only practicable landing site. Even then, none of them could have predicted that the damaged pod would be landed safely - or if it could be landed safely. Put Spock had pulled off another miracle, and they had landed - after a fashion. All three had been shaken and bruised, but in one piece. Yet the problem of the air remained.

So the danger was still there, real, and it seemed, inescapable. Kirk's train of thought came abruptly to a halt as Spock extricated himself carefully

from the partially wrecked pod and came over.

"The beacon is activated, Captain," Spock's voice sounded clearly over his suit communicator, "and its range should ne reasonable."

Firk modded inside his helmet, and smiled thankfully at the Vulcan. "Good, Spock. At least it gives us a chance, even a small one."

"We have no chance!" said the Andorian vehemently, suddenly. "Why do you fool yourselves with false hopes? I should have died with my ship, as I wished and would have done, had you not stopped me. Why do you persist? Especially you, Vulcan. There is none of your logic in it. We are all as good as dead. Like the others."

Kelev turned then and, separating himself from the two of them, went to sit on a rock. he looked a strange figure, and oddly forlorn, there on that cold world. Kirk was touched by the sight - a lone Andorian, most likely doomed to die alone, accompanied only by a Human and a Vulcan he had never met before that day. He had heard that Andorians had no concept of friendship, only loyalty to their own kind and the things they believed in. Perhaps he was truly alone, then.

Kirk turned to look at Spock and saw the thoughtful, reassuring look on his face. He was certain Spock had caught his thoughts, as always. Without a word both of them began to walk over to Kelev.

"Captain Kelev," Kirk began, "I know how you must feel at the loss of your ship - believe me, I know. But surely you can see that it is our duty to try and survive for as long as possible? I understand that Andorians are not lacking in determination - but even the strongest will needs hope. Don't give up."

"The chances of survival are indeed small," Spock said, still not giving the estimate exactly, knowing full well they did not want to hear it, "but they are there. And Captain Kirk is right. You cannot give up hope."

"I thought Vulcans didn't believe in it," Kelev replied sharply.

"Nevertheless, it exists," Spock persisted, "and if hope makes the waiting easier, then surely it is logical to keep hoping."

The over-large helmet, designed to accommodate the waving Andorian antennae, turned to face him. Kelev regarded Spock curiously, clearly puzzled. Then he saw Kirk's friendly, reassuing smile, and found he understood even less.

"I admit I have never understood Humans entirely," the Andorian said finally, more quietly, "and certainly I have never understood Vulcans."

"You're not alone in that," Kirk replied lightly, ignoring Spock's eyebrow, knowing that Spock, however, did understand. His jokes, and everything else.
"What particular aspect of our behaviour don't you understand, Kelev'?"

"I do not understand why you have come over here to talk to me," the confused alien stated, clearly seeking an answer to the things which he could not understand. "I spoke harshly to you, without excusable reason by your standards. Also, you are higher-ranking officers than I, no matter that I captain a shuttle; you two are Starfleet officers, and that is everything. I would not have permitted any on my ship to address me so... And you, Mr. Spock. I insulted you. I had not expected anger - you are Vulcan, after all - but where is the disapproval I expected? Why do you both try to help? For what reason?"

"No particular reason," Kirk replied, "except that if I can help anyone, I will. Spock too. It's the Human way. And in this case, the Vulcan way, too."

The blue-skinned face still held puzzlement. "Loyalty to one's own kind, to the Federation, I can understand. It is honourable. It is the way you seem to... have concern for everyone that I do not understand. I admit I have had little to do with Humans, or Vulcans, for that matter. Only on a professional level, and at a distance." Kelev suddenly looked ashamed. "This is the first time I have been so rude as to ask personal questions of another race. Forgive me, Captain. It is inexcusable."

.'t worry about it, Kelev," Kirk replied. "You'd have to get a lot granal before we took offence. Humans are like that. And Vulcans say they're incapable of such an emotion. You can't learn without asking questions. I..."

"Jim." Spock's voice was no longer its usual even self. No-one else would have caught it, but Kirk heard the anxiety. Then he realised Spock was doing something behind his suit, and tensed aware instantly of his Vulcan friend's sudden alarm.

"What is it, Spock?"

Spock's reply sounded, to him, almost unwilling, as if he didn't want to admit the reality to himself. "The warning light on your life-support suit just came on, Jim. There is a fault. I do not know yet how serious it is."

Kirk refused to allow any sense of panic to creep into his mind. A leak could be fatal, quickly fatal. But Spock was there to help, and surely there would be something he could do. Spock always managed to do something.

"Stay here, Jim, and do not move." Spock hurried back to the small pile of tools he had left by the pod. Escape pods were provided with a minimum amount of technical equipment. There was a small laser-weld included - he had used it on the beacon. If it had not been there...

Quickly he found the small instrument and returned to Kirk, and immediately began the vital repairs to the slowly-seeping seam of Kirk's life-support suit. It could not have been malfunctioning for more than a very short space of time; Jim had not yet displayed any symptoms of oxygen deprivation, and he would have noticed that small warning light. Indeed, he had noticed it the instant it had come on, lighting up the semi-darkness around them. The leak, surely, was not severe, but he had no tricorder with which to make certain. The air gauge on the Human's suit indicated that he had lost more air already than Spock cared to know. For a moment the Vulcan found himself illogically wishing that the planetoid had no atmosphere at all; true, they would have been even colder than they were, but in a complete vacuum and at absolute zero he would have seen the physical evidence of Jim's vital air escaping long before the warning light came on - certainly a light which appeared to be malfunctioning, as this one was. Besides, even the minimal atmosphere the planetoid did possess would not ensure them a moment's longer survival once their air ran out than if they were still drifting out in space.

Spock finished the repairs as best he could. He was almost positive that he had stopped the seeping, but without a tricorder to check he could not be absolutely sure. The whole suit was suspect, even the indicator. He had always claimed not to believe in the existence of luck, but at that moment he found himself cursing the ill chance which had made Kirk choose that particular suit. He would far have preferred that the faulty suit should be his, not Jim's. Quickly, Spock came to a decision. No doubt Kirk would argue, but he was determined that he would not be swayed.

Realising that the Vulcan had finished, Kirk turned to look his friend questioningly in the eye. "Finished, Spock?"

"Yes, Captain. And I am reasonably certain that the leak is now sealed. However, there is a problem." Spock needed his long-practiced control at that moment. He had long since stopped caring that Kirk should see how he felt - he had never been able to fool Jim, anyway. But the Andorian was there, watching, and Spock somehow didn't want a stranger to see the anguish threatening to claim him. What if he couldn't get Jim to agree?

"How much air have I left, Spock?" Kirk was half-smiling at him, ruefully. Wanting the truth. Knowing that his Vulcan friend would give the truth to him, knowing Jim Kirk as he did.

"I cannot be certain, Jim. There are signs that the indicator is at fault. The situation is not yet critical, and I am unable to make a totally accurate

estimate without proper information."

"Make a guess." Tell me, Spock, Firk's eyes pleaded, silently.

Spock swallowed. "The indicator gives the information that your air will last approximately another four hours, not the nine hours plus that we expected."

Kirk nodded, oddly numb. Four hours. If the Enterprise, or anyone, was going to find them, it would have to be very soon. Within nine hours, there was just a chance. But within four? Kirk looked at the Vulcan again. At least it was his, and not Spock's, suit that had malfunctioned. He didn't think he could have stood to watch Spock die that way. Perhaps he was being selfish. Spock was going to have to watch him. God, what a mess!

"Those suits were supposed to have been checked." Kelev was by them now, an odd expression on the Andorian features. "If it were possible, the one responsible would be punished, I assure you. In all likelihood he is already dead."

"That's irrelevant now, Kelev, as Spock would say." Kirk managed not to let his voice show anything. "At least in this case. But it shouldn't have happened — there are supposed to be procedures to prevent this kind of thing. Not your fault, though; it's the procedures that are to blame. You're a good commander, Kelev, and a captain can't be everywhere."

With some shock the Andorian realised that Kirk was, even now, thinking of other people before himself. And a shipload of unknown Andorians at that — and himself. Kelev respected Kirk, and knew that he did not want him to die. But to be concerned for strangers in that way? Andorians would not react thus, not most, at least. Kelev had a strange feeling that was one of the reasons James Kirk was Captain of the Enterprise, while he had commanded nothing more than a glorified transport ship. And Kirk was going to die. They were all going to die. Helev's rather un-Andorian thoughts that the other two deserved to live even if he did not were interrupted by the realisation that the Human and the Vulcan were actually arguing about something.

"Spock, you can't!" Kirk sounded anguished. "Don't make me order you not to attempt it. Promise me you won't."

"Jim, I cannot make such a promise," Spock replied as calmly as he could, wondering if the Andorian could hear the naked worry in his voice. Jim would hear it, he knew that, and he found that he didn't care. And it was vital that he persuade Jim to let him make the attempt. Perhaps if he let his control slip just slightly, just this once, just enough for Jim to see how afraid of Kirk's death he really was? Never mind what it cost him - if it would help persuade Jim to let him help...

"Jim, please. It is only logical. You know I am quite capable of surviving on far thinner air than you. Indeed, it is natural to me; you know that. I adjusted my air supply accordingly when we first located these suits. Therefore I have more air left than Kelev, and certainly more than you. Jim, you must let me do this."

Kirk opened his mouth to protest again, but the sound of Spock's voice stopped him. The Vulcan mask had slipped, really slipped, and Kirk knew in that instant that he would be throwing Spock's friendship back in his face if he forbade him to help then. And he couldn't do that. Not to Spock. Not to the friendship they had. Even if it killed both of them. They were both going to die soon, anyway. Better together than alone. Kirk looked at Spock, and saw in the dark eyes that Spock was thinking the same thoughts.

"Okay, Spock, I agree," Kirk said tiredly. "I yield to the logic of the situation. I guess we both know if our positions were reversed, I'd do the same thing. You'd probably argue just as loud."

"Sharing the air we have is only logical, as you pointed out, Jim. I do not argue against logic," Spock lied, knowing that Kirk spoke the truth. "Our combined air supply should last approximately six hours and forty minutes, Captain,

if our suit indicators are registering correctly, and of that we cannot be certain." He did not add that it was quite probable their air could run out long before then if they were not. Jim already knew that as well as he did, and one thing Spock had learned from years of working alongside Humans was that it was not always wise to tell them everything you knew.

"Then, Mr. Spock, you'd better get on with it." Kirk somehow managed to find a smile from somewhere, albeit a waek echo of his usual one. "We'll just have to hope for a miracle."

分 注 · 会

The Chief Medical Officer of the Enterprise stood in his usual place to the left of the command chair, in which sat his friend Montgomery Scott. As much as Scotty preferred to be in his domain of Engineering, McCoy knew the Engineer would not want anyone else to command the search for Jim and Spock.

Only because the Enterprise was the nearest ship had she been ordered to investigate the disappearance of the deep-space shuttle carrying the two of them -a stroke of luck, and they needed one badly. Searching the quadrant as they were was still like looking for the proverbial needle, no matter that they had a few small clues. It was still a big galaxy. Too big, as far as McCoy was concerned at that moment.

"Nothing from the sensors yet, Chekov?" Scotty asked more out of frustration than anything. He knew damn well that Chekov would report the instant he found anything. It was just that they'd been searching for so long.

"Nothing, Mr. Scott," replied the Russian solemnly, understanding why the Engineer had felt it necessary to ask. They were all worried; more than worried. Surely fate wouldn't be so ironic for them to lose Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock in this way? "The sensors have detected no sign of life, or any more space debris since we picked up the last escape pod. I am continuing to follow a logical search pattern, following a procedure laid down by Mr. Spock himself, sir," Chekov added by way of reassurance.

"Thank you, Mr. Chekov," Scotty responded with a small sigh, and turned back to his scrutiny of the forward viewscreen. It had been quite a while since they had picked up the last survivors. Not all of the ten escape pods the shuttle had carried had been located yet, but then, the few survivors they had picked up had said that several had been destroyed by the Agenians on escape. Scotty still hadn't got over the outrage he had felt when they had been informed by Starfleet of the attack on the shuttle. If the Andorian communications officer hadn't managed to get a message off despite the Agenian attempts at jamming, then they would have had very little idea of the position of the shuttle, and no chance at all of finding the Captain and Mr. Spock. That chance was small enough as it was.

"Damned Agenians!" McCoy cursed, half under his breath. "Why'd they have to destroy the shuttle when by all accounts they'd already killed everyone on board?" The question was really rhetorical; McCoy didn't expect anyone on the Enterprise to possess the understanding of such a cruel, senseless act.

"We know they got out, Leonard." Scotty spoke to reassure himself as well as McCoy. "You know one of the Andorians we picked up saw them gatting into a pod."

"But we don't know if their pod was one of the ones destroyed or not,"
McCoy insisted, hating the role of Devil's Advocate he was having to play. "I
know there's still hope until we locate the last pod, Scotty, and I'm not going
to give up hope, but what are our chances of finding them? Those emergency pods
have a small homing signal, sure, but it's nothing like as powerful as a beacon.
Those pods are only designed for short-term survival, after all. The last one
we picked up - I don't have to tell you how short of air that last one we picked
up was."

And there are no Class M planets, or any life-supporting bodies in this

sector, thought Thura sadly at her console. If the search was going to be successful, it was going to have to be successful soon.

"We'll find them, Leonard," insisted Montgomery Scott.

"I know, Scotty, I know." McCoy wanted to go down to Sickbay; run some tests; do some paperwork; anything to keep his mind off the waiting. But he couldn't leave that spot on the Bridge, and his eyes were inexorably drawn back to the viewscreen.

* * *

Time ticked away slowly, and still there was no sign of a rescue.

No cavalry this time, thought Kirk to himself. He still couldn't quite give up the last glimmer of hope - it was just the way he was made, however foolish others might think hoping was - but soon even he would have to realise that this time there wasn't going to be any last-minute escape.

He and Spock sat side by side, leaning against a rock, their life-support suits linked in a way for which they were not designed - another Vulcan-contrived miracle.

Damned ingenious Vulcan, Kirk thought affectionately. How many times has he saved my skin now? And he knew very well that without Spock he would already be dead, this time. His own faulty air supply would have run out long ago, and only his friend's selfless offer to share his had kept him alive this long.

The decision was taken now, and there could be no going back. Kirk had a feeling that on this occasion Spock had been ready to defy even a direct order, had the need arisen. But he could hardly blame him, and he had known when to quit fighting; he'd never have sat around watching Spock suffocate while there was something he could do, either. Stubborn Vulcan.

And he had to admit privately that even Spock's logic was helping him; but hadn't it always? By his mere presence he was helping to strengthen his own Human methods of control. Maybe his irrational Human way of hoping against all the odds was helping Spock too. But then in some ways, Spock always had been Human. One thing was certain: no matter how bad things got, he was not going to give way to his fears, or even show them. No matter what, he was not going to do anything which might weaken Spock's control. That much he could do for his friend.

Spock turned slightly to look at Kirk, and immediately condemned himself for the impulse. Things would become critical very shortly, and they had decided a while ago that the only logical course of action now was to conserve energy and save as much air thereby as they could. Their air supply, though diminishing, was still satisfactory, and he calculated it would remain so for at least another forty-five minutes. If they were careful. The indicators on the suits did seem to be functioning correctly, after all - though that would not help them.

Now he had turned, he examined his Human friend's face for signs of stress. Jim showed remarkably few, despite the fact that for the past few hours his lungs had been breathing air far thinner than that for which they had been designed. When they had linked the suits, Jim had insisted that Spock did not alter the quality of the air supply. He had managed on Vulcan, and he would manage now. Spock recognised the immovable Kirk determination when he saw it, and also recognised the illogic of wasting time arguing against it. Jim hadn't even changed his mind when Spock had explained that he had altered his air flow so that he was breathing air even thinner than that of Vulcan. It was reasonably comfortable for him, but for Jim...? Then Kirk caught his worried frown, and gave him the 'quit worrying about me' look. Spock didn't even bother to try and hide what he was feeling.

"I cannot understand why you are doing this," came a voice from nearby.

They had almost forgotten Kelev, he had been so silent. Yet the Andorian had watched them, totally unable to comprehend why the Vulcan would do this for a Human.

"Doing what, Kelev?" Kirk's voice sounded weak, and there was nothing he could do about it. He could see Spock looking at him again, and gave a slight shrug inside his suit. They had been conserving what energy theu could for a long time now, and he was beginning to feel that the inactivity was going to kill him long before the lack of air did. Though if he was honest with himself, he had to admit that the thin air he was breathing had made him very lightheaded, and he was trying not to bother thinking about how his lungs felt. He caught the worried look on Spock's face again, then felt, rather than heard, the small Vulcan sigh. Spock had agreed, apparently, that there was little point in refraining totally from conversation; it wouldn't make that much difference to their survival.

It isn't as if we're running around, Spock, Kirk thought affectionately, knowing his Vulcan friend was giving barely a moment's concern to his own safety.

"I cannot understand," Kelev repeated, shaking his head slowly, the hidden antennae following in an agitated dance. "I must know why you do this. If your Captain had ordered you to this action, Mr. Spock, that I could understand. But he did not want you to risk your life for his. I cannot understand that either. No Andorian would refuse such an offer. Why, Spock, did you then insist? There is no reason for it. Truly, we will all die soon, but by this action you have shortened your own life by several hours. Why did you do it?"

Kelev seemed more bewildered and confused than they had seen him. Up till that moment he had displayed the typical Andorian warrior's stoicism in the face of approaching death.

But, thought Kirk with sudden realisation, he's still terrified, all the same. Then through the lightheaded haze threatening to envelope him, he heard Spock's answer.

"Jim is my friend, Kelev. Would you do less for a friend?" The Vulcan spoke without any hesitation, and Kirk could hardly believe what he had heard. Here was Spock openly admitting that he felt in front of a stranger. Then the smile faded; he was learning too late, came the thought unbidden into Kirk's mind. They were all going to die, with so much still unsaid, so many things still to do.

"Loyalty, honour, I understand." Kelev was speaking again, a pained expression on his face, as if it was vitally important for him to understand the things he did not. "But friendship? We have heard of this strange concept, but we have not comprehended it. Is it worthy?"

"It is," Spock replied, unable to keep the slight smile from the corners of his mouth. So, he thought, not only Vulcans have things to learn. Kelev needs to meet someone like Jim. But there is no-one like Jim.

He felt, rather than heard, Kirk's sudden lapse into unconsciousness. The instant the suited figure began to slide sideways he was there, adjusting the air supply, letting air more suited to a Human's needs flow into their linked suits. He carefully picked Kirk up and supported him, watching for the signs of returning consciousness which had to come.

After an eternity, his eyelids fluttered open. "You disobe yed an order, Mr. Spock." he said weakly.

"Indeed, Jim," came the quiet reply. "Did you think I would do anything else?"

"No, my friend. And... I suppose it's better this way. You're right, as usual. It's better that we go together. Neither of us would want to be left behind. would we!"

Spock nodded, and helped the weakened Human to lean against the rock again, a very strange feeling inside him at Kirk's open admission of what they had both known for a very long time. It was better this way. The feeling inside him was also one which had been with him for a very long time now, and he knew what it was called. He had not denied its existence to himself for years now, and he wished he could tell Jim before it was too late. But perhaps it didn't matter,

after all. Jim probably knew already.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the Andorian, still watching. Then Kelev shook his head and went off towards the rock he had been sitting on for most of the time. He still couldn't understand why they should want to give their lives for each other. Spock knew then with certainty that it was Kelev who was the real loser, not they, though they would surely die first. And Spock realised he felt a twinge of pity for the lonely alien. For Kelev was lonely, whether he knew it or not. Maybe all Andorians were. Like Vulcans. Like he had been, before he had met Jim.

"Spock?" Kirk was speaking again, with difficulty. "How long now?"

"I do not know exactly, Jim," Spock lied, "but we have a little while yet."

"That soon, hmm?" Kirk smiled. "You can't lie to me, Mr. Spock. And Spock... what you told Kelev... it was good to hear."

"I spoke only the truth, Jim," Spock replied, somehow managing to keep his voice under control.

"I'm glad it is the truth, Spock. Once, a long time ago, I thought I'd never get through to you, that you'd never know all the things we crazy Humans take for granted. No, not for granted, but... You know what I mean, Spock."

Strange, thought Spock, as he felt the first signs of the air supply finally running out, now it is Jim who finds it hard to find the words.

"Jim," said Spock gently, not quite sure if Kirk had already lapsed from consciousness or not, but needing to say it anyway, "it's all right. I do know. I meant what I said, Jim, you know that. You are my friend, and my life has been enriched by knowing you."

Spock realised with a numb sensation that Kirk's eyes had closed. He sat immobile, not knowing what to do, knowing there was nothing he <u>could</u> do. So transfixed was he that he hardly heard the communicator beeping.

But Kirk did. Suddenly the closed eyes shot open again. "Spock - the ship!"

Unbelievingly Spock reached for his communicator and flipped it open. From it came the concerned tones of Montgomery Scott, and Spock was suddenly seized with a terrible urge to laugh and cry at the same time.

But he had no need to say anything. With what little strength he could still summon, Kirk took the communicator from him.

"Kirk to Enterprise," he gasped. "Three to beam up, Scotty - and hurry!"

He looked then at the Vulcan with a look that said, 'We made it again, my friend, against all the odds again.'

Spock nodded, and vowed to himself not to leave things unsaid. Not any more.

The transporter took them home, two friends who understood what friendship really meant, and a lone Andorian who didn't and probably never would.

He is the loser, thought Spock, and I am not, any more.

PHOEMIX

Lorraine Goodison

Oh, for wings of fire like a phoenix.
To soar o'er mountain-tops, valleys of green.
To know the splendour of wind-ruffled feathers.
To look down on mankind, unfettered, unseen.

**** **** *** *** **** **** **** ****



NEVER TELL A LIE

Amanda woke with a start and stared into the darkness, wondering what had wakened her. She listened intently for any sound, and jumped out of bed instantly as the sound of crying reached her ears. She knew there was something desperately wrong as she hurried along the hallways to Spock's room. Already his Vulcan half dominated his personality; he was only three, and yet the occasions when he allowed emotion to show were very rare now.

"What's wrong?" Amanda switched on the light and crossed over to the bed.

"Pain... it hurts..." Spock's voice was muffled; he had his head buried in the pillows.

"Where?" Amanda asked, turning him over.

"Here. Inside my mouth..."

"The side of your face is swollen. It sounds like toothache. Let me see..." She tilted his head backwards and soon discovered the source of the trouble. "Uh-huh, there it is. You have a decayed tooth. Does it hurt a lot?"

"... yes..."

"I'll get you something." Amanda went to the medicine cabinet and selected a painkiller suitable for her young son. "Put this in your mouth and take a drink," she instructed. "That's it, now the other one. They should make you feel better."

Amanda sat down on the bed and gently wiped his tearstained face, carefully avoiding the right side. "I know what it's like." She felt like crying herself as another tear trickled down his cheek. "The pain should go away in a little while. You should have come to my room and told me instead of trying to fight until the pain made you cry."

"Don't tell Father ... " Spock scrubbed at his eyes.

"I won't," Amanda promised, removing his hands from his face. "I will stay with you for a while."

The remainder of the night was sleepless for both of them, Amanda remaining in his room. She did not want to leave him, and he seemed only too glad of her presence. She gave him more painkillers when the effects of the first ones began to wear off.

Sarek remained undisturbed throughout; Amanda noticed that his room door remained closed. Maybe it's for the best, she thought. He would never understand.

The night seemed endless, and she was never so glad to see the sunrise. She waited for Sarek's appearance, and went to prepare breakfast.

"Where is Spock?" Sarek asked, sitting down at the table.

"Somehow I do not think he will want anything to eat. I have been up half the night with him." Amanda explained the situation.

"I will take him to the dental physician," Sarek nodded. "Your logical action would have been to inform me. I could have removed his pain."

"I never thought of that!"

"Obviously." Sarek raised one eyebrow.

Spock and Sarek set out in the aircar a short time later. The physician lived some distance away; he had treated Sarek before, and he knew the doctor would take plenty of time with a patient as young as Spock. This was Spock's first visit to a dental physician, and Sarek knew the experience could be frightening, even for a Vulcan child.

"Welcome." The doctor raised his hand in greeting to Sarek and showed them into his office. "Come, little one." He lifted Spock onto the couch.

Spock's eyes widened, and he looked at Sarek for reassurance.

"Do as the doctor wishes." Sarek instructed him.

Dr. S'tel made a quick examination and turned to Sarek. "There is nothing I can do to save it. The tooth will have to be extracted."

Sarek nodded and turned to look at Spock. His son's eyes were wide, following Dr. S'tel's every movement as he prepared a hypo.

"I am going to put you to sleep," he informed his little patient. "It will not hurt you, and you will feel nothing. Relax now..." He pressed the hypo to Spock's arm and released the contents.

The operation was over in a matter of seconds, the doctor holding up the tooth, the cause of all the trouble.

"The drug should wear off in a few moments." Dr. S'tel raised Spock to a half-sitting position. "All we have to do now is wait."

Spock's eyelids fluttered for a second as he began to come round. Dr. S'tel stared in amazement as his little patient suddenly smiled.

Sarek's face flushed a deep shade of green. "My son is half Human," he explained.

"The sleep-inducing drug can produce some strange effects." Dr. S'tel wiped a green stain from the corner of Spock's mouth. "One adult patient started singing! Come, little one... wake up..." He gently tapped Spock's face a few times.

Spock opened his eyes, not knowing where he was for a moment. Then the memory returned.

"When are you going to put me to sleep?" he asked.

"I have already done so. It is all over." Dr. S'tel helped him to sit up.

"Can we go home now?" Spock asked his father.

"Affirmative," Sarek nodded.

But when Spock tried to stand up his knees gave way and he sat down on the floor, rather hard.

"That is an after-effect of the drug. I advise assistance." the doctor said.

"Unquestionably." Sarek lifted Spock into his strong arms and carried him out to the aorcar, Dr. S'tel following.

"Do not give him anything to eat or drink for four hours."

"I will heed your advice. Farewell." Sarek put Spock in the aircar and climed in himself. They exchanged hand signs, then the doctor turned away as the aircar began to lift.

* * 3

"How did it go?" Amanda asked on their return. She had crossed to the window on hearing the aircar, and almost laughed out loud as she saw the most unusual sight. Sarek lifted Spock from the aircar and extended his hand; Spock took it and held on firmly.

"There were no complications." Sarek assured her.

"Come on, I think you should rest for a while," Amanda suggested, looking at Spock's cloudy eyes. "I think you are still 'under the influence'."

"Yes ... " He offered no resistance as she ushered him out of the room.

"Sleep. That is what you need." She watched as he removed his shoes, fumbling a little with the fastenings.

Sleep came almost instantly, Spock being drowsy with the drug he had been

given. Amanda crept away.

He slept for over three hours and woke up feeling much better, his head clear once more.

"How do you feel now?" Amanda asked as he entered the main lounge.

"All right... but my mouth still hurts."

"It will for a while yet," she told him.

She sent him to bed early that night; a full uninterrupted sleep was what he needed to recover completely.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" she asked Sarek.

This was part of the nightly ritual after Spock had gone to bed and they were alone. Amanda's family sent regular supplies of coffee to Vulcan, the only thing she missed from home. A long-forgotten memory from her childhood came into her mind, making her smile at the recollection.

"Amanda..." Sarek's voice broke into her thoughts. "That is the third time I have spoken your name."

"Sorry, I was miles away."

"Indeed?" Sarek raised one eyebrow. "Considering the fact that you have not left this room..."

"I meant I was thinking."

"Why did you not say so? I find your illogical expressions of speech most difficult to understand."

Amanda burst out laughing, and the cup she held toppled over, the scalding coffee spilling onto Sarek's lap. She couldn't even apologise for laughing at the sight of Sarek holding the material of his tunic away from his skin. The look he threw her as he hurriedly left the room was almost one of pure disgust!

Without thinking, Amanda hurried after him, barging into his room. "Sorry, did I burn you?" she asked, desperately trying to stop giggling.

"Mo." Sarek's face turned a bright shade of green.

"Why, I think you are blushing," Amanda giggled.

"Illogical. I am not..."

"Yes, yes, I believe you. Yrr face is greener than someone who is space-sick. I'll go and make some more coffee."

"Please do." Sarek's eyebrows threatened to disappear into his hairline.

Amanda almost burst out laughing again as Sarek reappeared, dressed in a fresh tunic. Fortunately, she managed to pour out the coffee without any mishap this time.

They talked for some time, Amanda trying to fight off the feeling of drowsiness creeping over her.

"You are tired." Sarek caught her trying to stifle a yawn.

"Yes. I didn't get much sleep last night," she admitted.

"You may retire if you wish."

"I'll do that. Goodnight, Sarek." They touched hands.

Once in her own room Amanda remembered the episode from her childhood. Smiling, she crossed the hallway to Spock's room. She stood there looking down at the little sleeping figure for a moment, then carefully slid her hand beneath his pillow, making sure she did not waken him in the process. Nothing happened, and smiling, she left the room.

* * *

Strong sunlight poured into the room when Spock woke from a deep sleep. Gingerly, he touched the side of his face - it did not hurt so much now. He sat up, and in doing so his fingers touched something hard. There beside his pillow lay three shiny credits.

He looked at them for a while, wondering how they had got there. He knew they had not been there when he went to sleep last night. Where could they have come from?

"Did you have a good rest?" Amanda asked as he entered the kitchen.

"Yes, Mother. I wish to show you something."

"What is it?" Amanda smiled as she followed him upstairs to his room.

"Look..." He pointed to the credits. "Where did they come from? I found them beside my pillow."

"The tooth-fairy left them for you," Amanda smiled.

"The... what, Mother?"

Amanda's eyes twinkled as she explained the story to him. Spock looked at her, not knowing whether to believe her or not, and then at the shiny credits in his hand. They must have come from somewhere... Could it be possible...?
Nothing more was said about the incident, Spock seeming to accept his mother's explanation.

36 36 80

A few days later they had a visit from Suval and T'Pau, Spock's grandparents. His cousin Slavek also accompanied them, a boy three years older than Spock. Both disliked each other intensely, the older boy scornful of his little half-Human cousin.

Amanda refused to let Spock out of her sight when Slavek was present - she could not forget the incident which had happened when Spock was even younger. Slavek had heard the adults talking about Spock and how he sometimes allowed emotion to show. He wanted to find out for himself, and had slapped his little cousin, making him cry. Amanda had caught him in the act and had boxed his ears for him, making sure that he never forgot the incident!

She was on her guard as Spock left the room and Slavek attempted to follow him. "No. Slavek. You will remain here," she told him firmly.

Her heart sank as Spock returned, holding the credits ...

"Look what the tooth-fairy brought me," he said in a clear voice, proudly displaying them to the assembled Vulcan company.

"Indeed?" Sarek turned to stare at Amanda.

Suval's eyebrows almost left his forehead, and T'Pau looked as stern and disapproving as ever.

Wondering what he had said, Spock turned to his mother as she blushed furiously and called on someone by the name of God to save her...



FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

The sound of the opening door made Sarek and Amanda turn. Spock stood there, dressed in his new outfit for school.

"You look very smart." A lump came to Amanda's throat, threatening to choke her. Schooldays already. It seemed as if he was going up too fast.

Sarek left for the Pmbassy, and Amanda watched as Spock turned to leave, his head held high.

Long may it stay that way, she thought as she watched the little figure

disappear through the gateway. The school was within walking distance.

Speck hesitated, looking at the imposing building before entering. One of the instructors stood at the doorway.

"Your name?" he asked, checking the list. "Class One. Come." He led Spock down a long corridor and into a classroom filled with children of his own age. They stared at this latest newcomer.

"What is your name?" one boy asked.

"I am Spock."

Silence fell as the class instructor entered. "I am Suval," he informed them. "I will now read off your names for entry into the records computer. Stand up and answer when I state your name."

This was for identification purposes, and he began to call the list of names. "Sassek, son of Sonak and T'Vel." He continued until he came to, "Spock, son of Sarek and..." he hesitated for a moment, "... Amanda Grayson."

Heads turned to look at Spock as he sat down again, but not before he heard a loud whisper from behind. "He is the one who has an Earth mother..." Now they all knew...

The morning was spent in the first lesson. Spock found it interesting, although he could already read and write, Sarek having taught him at home. The instructor stopped the lesson at mid-day.

"You have one hour recess," he announced. "I will conduct you."

He led the way to the rec room, where they selected a light meal. Spock joined some of the children from his class at the table. One of the boys moved over to make room, and in doing so knocked over Spock's cup, the liquid spilling over the food on his plate.

"Can't you be more careful, MARTHER?" a voice hissed. It had begun...

Spock left the table, returning the tray of spoiled food, and walked out of the rec room. A crowd of older boys stopped him. "Hello, Farther," the first one sneered.

"I am a Vulcan. My father..."

"... married a Human!" someone else finished for him."

Spock turned away.

"Cannot even feed yourself!" the taunting voice followed.

Spock walked on, not really looking where he was going. Anything to get away from the taunting voices. He found himself in a totally unfamiliar corridor.

"What are you doin here?"

Spock turned to find one of the instructors regarding him. "You have lost your way," the man stated. "What happened to your tunic?"

"An accident in the rec room," Spock answered, realising that his tunic was stained and his hands sticky.

"Come with me." The instructor led the way back to the main part of the building. "Tidy yourself." He indicated a doorway. "You cannot return to classes like that."

Spock did as he was told, but was greeted by his tormentors once more.

"Here is the little barbarian!" One of them pushed him.

"Vulcans do not spill things on their clothes!" another sneered as Spock tried to wash the sticky fruit stain from his clothes and hands.

They taunted and jeered. Spock tried hard to stem the reaction of anger which rose in him. He had to get away from them somehow before the emotion showed

on his face. He looked round for a moment, coming to a decision, then dashed forward, slamming the door hard. He leaned against it, trying to control the emotion threatening to engulf him while the taunting voices continued outside.

"I must not. I am a Vulcan..." he told himself.

The boys' voices faded away into silence at the stern voice of an adult. "What is happening here?" One of the instructors had heard all the noise and come to investigate. "You are acting illogically," he stated with a look of disapproval. "Return to your classes immediately."

Spock's tormentors obeyed and the instructor waited until they had gone before speaking again. "Come here."

Spock found himself locking at the instructor who had befriended him in the corridor.

"What were they doing to you?"

Spock hesitated, looking at the floor.

"Speak." the instructor commanded.

"I..." The words would not come. The instructor looked at the young Vulcan standing before him, realising there was a problem of some kind.

"Sit down," he said kindly, indicating the nearest bench. "I want to know what was happening here. Were they trying to bar your way? Take yout time and tell me."

Spock looked at the instructor's understanding expression. The words came hesitantly at first. 'My... mother is an Farthwoman. They... they were taunting me."

"You are Spock, son of Sarek?"

"Yes."

"They tried to see if you would react to their taunts, if you were different. They wanted to see if you would show emotion. Is that the reason for concealing yourself from them?"

"Yes." Spock's head went down and he stared at the floor.

"Look at me," the instructor commanded. "Prove the fact that you ARE Vulcan. It will be hard, but you have the willpower, and can make the effort to do it. No doubt your father has told you all this before?"

"He has. My father trained me to my Vulcan heritage."

"Then ignore the illogical taunts, Spock. Come, I will explain the reason for the delay to your class instructor."

The same boys were waiting for Spock when school was over, and followed him part of the way home, calling him "Earther", "emotional barbarian", and other insults.

Amanda stood at the window, waiting for him to arrive home. A terrible feeling of dread overcame her as she saw the dejected-looking little figure approach.

"How was your first day at...?" Her voice trailed away as she saw the hurt in his eyes and the stiff face. He is trying not to cry! she thought. "Spock, what's wrong? Tell me."

"Nothing is ... wrong, Mother. Can I go to my room, please?"

Amanda nodded and watched as the dejected little figure left the room. She sat down, allowing the hot tears to come. "They have been tormenting him. I knew this would happen! He was crying inside... I could tell..."

Spock did not appear again until Amanda called him when Sarek arrived home. Spock was silent all during the meal. Sarek sensed there was something wrong,

bút refrained from speaking until the meal was over.

"There is something troubling you. I can feel your thoughts - you are unhappy."

"Father, they ... called me Harther. They said I wasn't a Vulcan."

"Who did, Spock?" Amanda couldn't help looking concerned.

"The boys at school." He began to tell them the whole story of the day's events. Sarek listened, his face impassive, while Amanda fought to control her feelings.

"Come with me," Sarek said after the story was finished. Amanda knew not to follow as they disappeared into the study. The discourse which would take place was between father and son only.

Over an hour passed before they returned. Amanda was glad to see the anguished expression gone from her son's face. Whatever Sarek had said to him had been effective.

* * *

As the days passed into weeks Spock no longer heard the taunts; he paid no attention to them just as Sarek had told him to, although they still hurt deep inside.

One night Amanda entered the study where Sarek was working. He stopped writing and looked up, knowing that Amanda never invaded his privacy unless it was something important. He waited for her to speak.

"Sarek, I am worried about Spock."

"Indeed? What is the cause of your concern?"

"Well, I think it has to do with the boys at school. He is sick, there is something far wrong. When he comes home from school he refuses to eat, and... well, could you speak to him?"

"Very well. Call him."

Sarek requested that Amanda remain during the interview. Suprised, she did as he asked.

"Have your schoolmates been insulting you again?" Sarek began.

"Yes, Father. I ignore them, as you told me to."

"Your mother seems to think you are ill, Spock. Is this correct?"

"No..."

"You are!" Amanda interrupted. "You can't even speak to me when you get home from school, don't think I haven't noticed. Until you get home, Sarek, he will not come down from his room."

"There is something buried deeper." Sarek stared at his son. "I can sense it. Come here."

Spock knew his father intended to mind-meld, and offered no resistance. Sarek's mind touch was light, and then he came up against a barrier of Spock's subconscious fear. He began to erase the illogical memory from the young mind, banishing it forever.

"What happened?" Amanda asked as they drew apart.

"An illogical but understandable fear," Sarek stated, looking at Spock.
"The first time the boys insulted you, your subconscious erected a barrier which you could not cross. I have removed it."

Spock left the study and went into the garden, calling to I-Chaya. The sehlat lumbered over to greet his little friend, a deep rumble of pleasure coming from his throat. Spock knelt beside the sehlat, his arms going around the shaggy neck.

"I-Chaya, they say I am not a Vulcan. What if it is true?" The sehlat whined as if in answer, sniffing Spock's face.

"Who cares about those boys at school!" He buried his face in the soft fur. "You are my friend..."

I-Chaya closed his wise old eyes in agreement.



THAT ELUSIVE EMOTION

Happiness was an emotion
I thought I'd never feel,
Unless my body was affected by
Spores, atavachron, or other outside influence.
It was flighty as a feather
Blowing upon the breeze,
And each time I reached out
To catch it with fingers numb,
It blew well out of reach again.

But as the years flew past
Upon that breeze of time,
I came to know that emotion, and accept it,
With no regrets, no qualms.
I came to realise that it was he
Who had caused me to be... happy.
He, my other half, the better half,
My half of me, a whole at last.
Finally at home.

It took a long time
For the child in me
To become a man, and realise
Just what I was being given
Tentatively, freely, with no ties,
No conditions.
But realise I did, eventually,
And I could rejoice in realisation,
And return some of what I had been given.

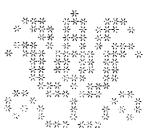
I was still the Vulcan
That I vowed I'd be in my youth,
But I realised that I had tried too hard
To be the Vulcan I could never be
Because of my blood, mixed,
Because of the manner of my birth;
And acceptance came, and was welcomed,
For that Human half of me, too.
Life held a new meaning, a new magic, then,
Because of that acceptance and understanding.
Thanks to bim named Kirk.

Karen Hayden



DRAGON

Dragon. In truth, what are you? Fire-breathing goliath of the burning skies, Or gentle jewel-orbed being too timid to show thy face? We sing thy song to our childrens' thoughts. yet who, in truth, doth know you? Vast are the distances you travel at will. Few are the countries your eyes have not seen. Strong are the winds buffeting tautly stretched wings. Ah, to be a dragon,



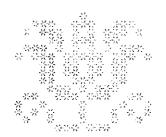
SIRIUS

Sirius, Dog Star, sparkling bright, hangs like a jewel in the sky this night.

Venus winks from her heavenly throne, and somehow her light reaches me, all alone.

The stars look down and I softly dream of how from a Starship this small world would seem.

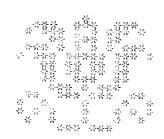
One day I will traverse those heavens. (Some day...)
But till then I will remain,
my feet placed firmly in Earth's clay.



free and unafraid!

DREAMS

With child-like fervor We strain to hold on to dreams and ideals of youth. We live out our chosen roles, accepting adulthood while refusing to succumb to the safe security of suburbia. Witness our lives, por fortunes, and see with clear eyes the paths we tread. Tell me, are we wrong to be thus? Which is better, dreams or reality, hope or desolation? We look for a better future; young women in embryo, yesterday's children. Please, do not seek to change us.



Lorraine Goodison